

Mevlânâ
Celâleddîn
Rûmî

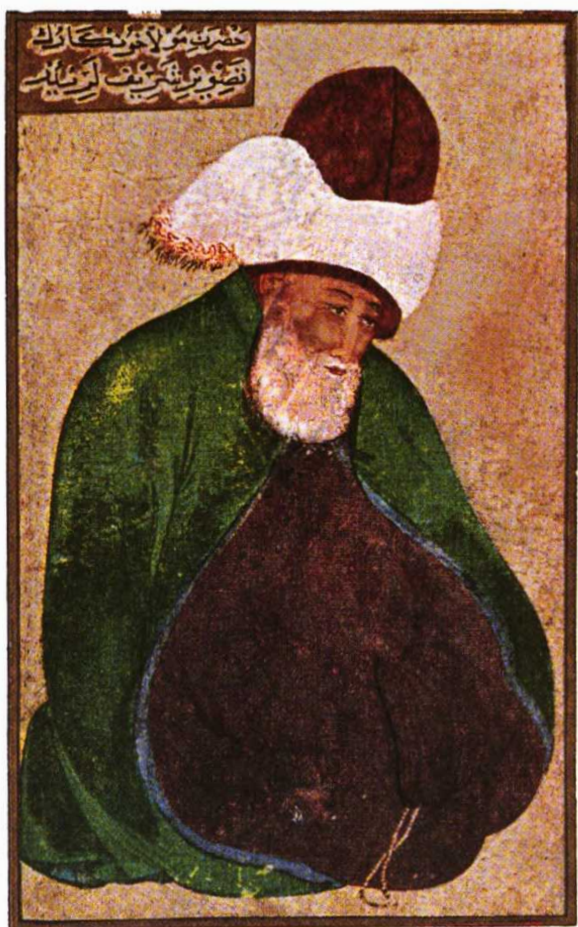
Dîvân-i Kebîr
Volume 15

translated by
Nevit O. Ergin

Dîvân-i Kebîr

Bahr-i Hezec Sâlim

Volume 15



Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi



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Dîvân-i Kebîr

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Introduction

Humanity is currently stepping on the two-thousand-year mark, bringing with it thousands of years of suffering. After all these years, humans long for peace, love and tolerance. Yet, wars and conflicts still continue in various parts all over the world.

While searching to solve the mysteries of space, human beings are unable to understand the secrets of peace and happiness. Man never learns his lessons of the past and because of this, he repeats the same mistakes.

Humanity needs to open a new chapter in this new millennium, no longer carrying its animosities, ugliness, and evils to the lives of our children and grandchildren.

For seven hundred years, Mevlana, a great Turkish thinker and Sultan of Heart, has been calling humanity constantly to love, friendship, and peace. He teaches us that the primary requisite for tolerance is to see people as human beings and not notice their race, religion or sect. The essence of Mevlana's philosophy is based on this kind of human love.

Reading Mevlana will help reawaken the feelings of love and tolerance within each of us. An aspiration for a world filled with peace, brotherhood, and friendship in our hearts will be more attainable with Mevlana's love.

M. Istemihan Talay
Minister of Culture
Republic of Turkey

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for the continuous support of
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Without their help,
this project would have never materialized.

archegos

Translator's Note

After the tragic incidents of September 11, 2001, I believe Rumi has become even more relevant to the world. There is no use in blaming any particular religion. A man who has no love and respect for a human life has no religion.

Regardless of which side we look at, this world is full of troubles, biases and hate. All of the remedies offered to us apparently didn't relieve the anger, animosity and abuse. Sometimes the remedies have even made things worse.

Maybe we haven't put our fingers on the source of the problem, which is the self, our own human existence. Buddha knew this as early as the first half of the sixth century B.C. He said, "Existence is unhappiness." All religions repeated this later. Mr. Shushud said in as late as 1980, "Human perception is subjected to the torment of existence."

But nobody has presented this fact so eloquently as Rumi in the thirteenth century. Rumi also showed how to deal with it. "Your body is a thorn in the foot of your soul. You can only walk after you remove that thorn." In order to do that, Rumi gave some advice:

"Be like the sun for compassion and mercy.
Be like the night to cover other's faults.
Be like the stream for generosity.
Be like death for anger.
Be like earth for modesty.
Appear as you are.
Be as you appear."

Nevit O. Ergin



Leather binding of *Divân-i Kebîr* (c.1368)
registered at the Mevlânâ Museum in Konya.

Dîvân-i Kebîr
Volume 15
Bahr-i Hezec Sâlim

Mefâilün Mefâilün
Mefâilün Mefâilün

1.

Verse 1

Page 43 of original Divan, Volume II.

○ my Master, it doesn't matter
Whether it's today or tomorrow. You are ours.
My days and nights are bright and beautiful,
Decorated by You.

You are devoid of form,
But with the light of your brilliance
You show a new shape with every breath,
So beautiful, such great shapes and forms.

You made eyebrows like that,
Created a form like a Chinese painting.
You turned me into a crazy infidel
Because of that charm and form.

You are asking me what kind of love this is.
It is neither great nor banal.
What kind of prey is in the waves
Of this sea without a net or fishhook?

O Beloved of every auspicious person,
You know this. Why do You ask me?
The secrets of hundreds of Arsh¹ and Kursi²
Appear and come from You.

You burn me in such a fire
That my soul has been flattened to the ground.
When every corner is caught in the fire,
Hundreds of different objects become one.
How beautiful it is!

Send love's cupbearer to that glass of immortality
That will be moved around.
It turns in such a way
That I can't differentiate glass from the wine.

You tell these words whose meanings are secret
And say to Shemseddin,
Whom all the universe worships,
"You carry this great and subtle point
To beautiful Tebriz."



2.

Verse 9

Soul's cupbearer tells about the man
Who is fond of name, fame, honor and shame.
Don't take this naive to our gathering.

Whatever he does is wrong.
He doesn't know anything.
All his works are either
For reputation or for bread.
Since your soul is mature, drink this wine.

Don't expect to reach salvation
In order to retaliate and shed our blood.
For the sake of the one who advanced
And the one who stayed behind,
Don't leave your real Cupbearer.

Drink this glass of greatness.
Sacrifice your life and your belongings.
Don't make yourself a laughing-stock
By saying this is permissible.
Also, don't call haram³ wine.

Give up the one who talks about name and fame.
Let him burst from his troubles like the bird
Who set a trap around himself.

Don't look for anything but the Beloved's love
In this trap or with this bait.
Don't mention the sky or house and friend.
You are already through with house and friend.

Don't call the alphabet of *sh, k, r* sugar cane.
Don't give the nickname of the living
To the one who is nothing but shape and word.

You became secret
When you turned into a shapeless soul. No harm.
Why do you always worry about being known?

Come, O confident friend, pick up that glass of joy.
Become so drunk that you notice
Neither the place you sit nor the place to stand.

O one who is lost on the road,
Go to the sun that adds soul to soul.
Give him a greeting from this Mecnun
Who is full of love.

O Shems of Tebriz, say you will fill my glass
With last year's wine.
This is not just for anybody. You fill it up.



3.

Verse 20

You keep crying about being despised and degraded.
You don't see favors.
Either don't ask for God's favor
Or don't complain so much.

If you ask for greatness from the pharaoh,
Give up that love.
Go and conquer the towns.

How lucky is the soul
That would gladly accept despite trouble
And fill his head
With the expectation of reaching
The glory that comes at the end.

Don't try to play state's zurna⁵
If you want to keep your mouth shut.
Hafiz⁶ cannot recite Ayet⁷ with his mouth closed.

Thousands of canals branch off from that sea.
Every one of them flows like a river
To every garden of soul. Water them.

O heart, don't be tight by looking at the creek.
Look at the beginning. Look at the end.
Everything merges at the end and reaches its aim.

If a pig falls in musk or a man is born in filth,
They both have their own sustenance.
They all go to their origin.

Even a stray dog at this door
Is better than all the lions of earth.
At least he talks about God's love,
Knows where to look.

Don't think about the lover's bad reputation
With the contempt that banal people do.
The flags which come from love's sultan
Undulate above the heads of lovers.

If the saucepan is made of gold,
It doesn't matter if its surface becomes black.
New stories shine toward new wounds.

Be happy with Shems of Tebriz and his love
Because you will find pleasure in his love
And protection with his favors.



4.

Verse 31

That sultan has come, that sultan has come.
Decorate the tent.
Even cut your wrist for that Canaan beauty.

The one who becomes soul to the soul of soul
Has come.
It is not proper to mention the name of soul.
What is good for the soul at His temple?
Only to be sacrificed there.

I was lost without love.
Suddenly love came.
I was like a mountain once.
I became a piece of straw for the sultan's horse.

Whether Turk or Tadjik,⁸ I am close to them,
Just like the closeness of soul to flesh.
Yet, the body never sees soul.

Come on friends, fortune has come.
The kingdom has come.
The time has come to sacrifice all belongings.
Solomon came to dismiss Satan,
Then climb to the throne.

Why are you hanging around?
Jump up from your place.
Where are yours hands and feet?
If you don't know, learn from Solomon's place,
From the hoopee bird.

There, you talk secretly with Him,
Tell Him your desires and secrets.
Solomon knows the language of all birds.

O man, word is like the wind.
It disturbs and confuses the heart.
He is the One
Who asks to put everything in order.



5.

Verse 39

Look at those fragments of soul
That have been chipped off,
Sparkling in this valley.
Watch this sea. Watch those ships.
They are colliding with each other.

Look at Azra, see Vamuk.⁹
See those creatures in the fire.
Look at the beloved. See the lover.
See the sultan and his imperial seal.

The pearl has fallen in an ocean
That has no beginning and no end.
It neither gets wet nor is it hidden.
A fire rose from the ocean,
So everything became absent
And existed at the same time.

Since it is early, walk slowly.
Since your eyes are closed, don't say,
"I don't get tired talking about ups and downs."

If you walk toward a crooked mind,
A grudge appears from fate.
That mind is like someone who had a stroke
And became paralyzed like the poor and destitute.

If you are a man.
Hold your breath in that sea.
O grief, that is what you deserve
Today and tomorrow.

This pearl is ashamed because of that sea.
In fact, there is no place for water and earth.
No place for mind and heart.
They cannot even be foam to that sea.

What kind of love does this heart cook?
What kind of bile does this soul creates
That this mind, which adds more confusion,
Make you so dizzy.

That sugary, jewel-scattering cloud
From Shems of Tebriz is a beautiful security
In the world that is full of fighting.



6.

Verse 48

♫oul's sultan pushes like a pawn
From one play to the other in a chess game.
I wonder if he wins or is checkmated?
Because we are the ones on trial.

He picked up our particles, put them together,
Kneaded them with the universe
And made a paste.

He pierced our nose and inserted reins
Made of greed and lust to pull us
Around this world, like camels.

Who are we?
He put an oxen's bell on the neck of sky
And keeps crushing us like sesame under the sky.

How lucky for that camel
That he was tied by the halter of God's love.
He makes us drunk and excited
Among the other camels.



7.

Verse 53

Have you ever seen a lover
Who is satiated with his love?
Have you ever seen a fish
Who has had enough of the sea?

Have you ever seen a painting
That runs away from the painter?
Have you ever seen a Vamuk
Who is tired of Azra?

At separation the lover
Becomes like a name without meaning.
Meaning also gives up
To names like the beloved.

You are the sea. I am a fish.
I become whatever you desire.
Pity me. Act like my sultan.
I am separated from you.
I have become lonely without you.

O sultan of sultans,
Why this scarcity of compassion?
Fire is spread to the top
When you are not here.

Fire is afraid of you,
Runs and stays in one corner,
Because fire gives Gul-i rana¹⁰
To the one who harvests roses from the fire.

Page 44 from original Divan, Volume II.

This world is torture without you.
I pray that it will never be without you.
I swear on your soul
That soul without you
Is nothing but pain and trouble for us.

Your image is the sultan that comes to heart
The same way Solomon walks into "Mescid-i Aksa."¹¹

Thousands of torches are lit in the heart.
All Mescit¹² becomes bright
And turns into paradise full of houris and Ridvan.¹³

O my Great God, there are so many moons in the sky.
This tent is filled with houris,
But they are hidden from the eyes of the blind.

How cheerful is the heart of the bird
That has made a nest in the place of love.
What other bird is it that made a nest at Kafdag,¹⁴
That makes a home there, besides the phoenix?

What a divine phoenix
Is the sultan of sultans, Shemseddin.
He is such a sun
That neither the east nor the west
Is his place.



8.

Verse 65

○ Muslims, O Muslims, what can be said
To the beloved whose beauty changes
Half the thorns into hundreds of Gardens of Eden?

When his love honors one place for a moment,
He changes existence into the land of absence,
Everything into its essence.

My God, what a brilliance it is
That offers beauty to every hour
And changes fire into the fountain of life.

It brings thousands of springs
If it touches loves.
It doesn't matter
If it ruins the spring with its jealousy.

His face is the sun.
The world is like a veil for that face,
But picture and figure see nothing
But picture and figure.

Even the rose doesn't know the one
Who gives that beauty.
Its beauty is a witness for Him.
This is the gift of a sultan.

If the rose were aware of that,
It would stay red and fresh forever.
Because the person whose mind is in his head
Never sees disaster in his life.

Choose such a beloved
That his works and actions are from this side.
Why should one give life
To a beauty who will eventually die?

I intend to shed blood
Because of Shems of Tebriz.
I have such love in my hand
That it resembles Sulfekaar.¹⁵



9.

Verse 74

What is it that gives taste and charm
To color and shape?
When it hides, form becomes
Like a child of the devil.

When He reflects on shape, the world
Turns upside down with love.
But when He is concealed, sorrow comes and lands.
You cannot see joy in the form.

If that thing is soul,
Why are some people's souls so heavy?
Then there are other souls;
They blow form in the wind like fire.

If this skillful, talented thing is mind,
Then why does mind become the enemy of forms?
It is the order of mind in the body
That pulls the forms from their sources.

How does a crooked mind know his blessings?
Don't even bother asking mind.
His knowledge and goodness are what rules form.

What kindness, what brilliance;
He is very near and, at the same time, far away.
He is wide open and, at the same time, secret.
He keeps making form submissive to himself.

He changes the world to a tent
And bodies to soul just for trial.
He made form a master with love.

I walked around Tebriz
And asked for Shemseddin.
I saw that secret from him.
He is the one who invents form.



10.

Verse 82

Berat¹⁶ came. Berat came.

Put up the candle of Berat.

Hizir¹⁷ came. Hizir came.

Bring the fountain of life.

Omer¹⁸ came. Omer came.

Look and see that Satan's head is down.

Dawn came. Dawn came.

Wake up from sleep.

Spring came. Spring came.

The captives are free now.

Come to the garden.

Come to the garden.

See the ones who are saved.

The sun of Aries came.

Its blaze started working.

See the garnet of Bedeshan.¹⁹

Watch the ruby which was giving alms.

He is the Sultan. He is the Sultan.

He makes plants grow from the earth.

He gives life to beautiful plants.

Look at the trees. Look at the trees.

They are all fasting. They are on namaz.²⁰

Their wishes on namaz have been granted.

He radiates so much light
That you cannot see His essence.
You see the manifestations of His attributes.

The rose garden had a hangover
From the torment of cold winter.
The rose garden had torment.
He sent the plant juices as medicine made by plants.

Give good news to body's prisoners.
Give good news.
Resurrection came to martyrs.

See the peonies. See the peonies.
They give thanks to God without words.
You also renew yourself.
Leave these old words.

Flowers and fruit are the patent of every tree.
They say our seeds have not decayed.
Watch and see the union of attributes.

The proof for believers is the tongue
Which talks right and a face that glitters.
Right talking, a radiant face and *my soul say,*
Being unified and giving up all stumbling blocks.



11.

Verse 94

Spring came.

Spring came and brought greetings to drunks.

It brought greetings

From the Prophet of beauty to the drunks.

The iris told some rumors about the cupbearer,

Told the miracles of drunks.

After hearing all this from the iris,

The cypress stood up in front of the drunks.

The garden scattered flowers to the assembly first

And then brought snacks,

Because it saw the mountain's tulips

Offer glasses to the drunks.

Through April showers, cold winter's breath,

He set so many traps behind the curtains

That in the end,

He deceived the drunks.

They drink the wine of *Lord will make them drink*.²¹

They lost their name and fame.

What kind of name did the cupbearer's letter

Bring to the drunks?

He is burning wild rue and aloe wood
In the center of heart,
Because drunks caught cold
From the cold of separation.

Come, enter the rose garden of immortality.
Ascend, climb the roof of that mine,
Because he draws drunks away
From the house of secrecy to the roof.

Beauties are dressed in heavy garments.
Come to the garden and watch.
The cupbearer brought all necessary things to
drunks.

Spring brought friends.
The beloved's beautiful face brought us.
Look and see what prosperity
He brought out of these to drunks.

The stately cupbearer suddenly
Brought night wine to drink
From the glass that belongs to the Sultan.



12.

Verse 104

Mercury is the one that must become Musteri²²
For the sky's possession.
It must be a moon with Mar's eye
In order to see the light of the world.

It would take an amazing soul
To know how to sacrifice soul.
It must be necessary to have two soul eyes
In order to see secret brides.

There is an eye. It is open.
Accept the luster of the soul.
Be lost in sleep like the narcissus
In order to watch the garden.

There is such a garden
Behind the five senses and six dimensions
Which resemble six rivers,
But it is impossible to compare them.
They are even smaller than a grain of barley.

He draws help's flag to the line.
And gives the duty of caring for the people
To the sultans, and puts the pearl of Seb-al Mesani²³
In the palm of union.

He broke the devil's back,
Saw the face of the sultan
So everybody would see building
And learn of the builder from the evidence.

How pure and clear it is, how free.
It looks like wine. It is sweet
And at the same time bitter.
Only the one who quits to be a brigand
Could steal such a pearl.

We went toward the sea, ate sweet fruits,
Drank water and obtained free pearls.
We don't need money anymore.

We found water when we were thirsty.
We were bare and naked. We found sustenance.
Sometimes we talked with the lion.
We are not afraid of death.

You are the Moses of time.
Plunge into this rough sea.
Pharaoh has to be stopped.
Quit acting like a shepherd.

O cupbearer, for your soul,
For your young, strong kingdom
Give us purple-colored glass
With your fingers.

Turn around the sultan's wine
Because you have the same trouble as us
And travel the same road.
If you want to see a trace of trouble,
Come and see it from us.

Come and serve that red wine
Because it is the sea
And at the same time a pearl.
Undress its worthy peer with one big glass.

Go away, the one who stops the drunk,
Stop all the games,
Because there is no room for deceit
Or tricks in this garden.

You haven't bought His answer
With gold, O soul.
The Indian doesn't understand
The value of free goods.



13.

Verse 119

Your body is Kadir's night.
Kingdoms will be conquered by that.
Your soul is the full moon.
Darkness will be pierced and disappear by that.

You are either like God's Takvim²⁴
Where all the fates are
Or the sea of forgiveness
Where all sins are washed clean.

You are either Levh-i Mahfuz²⁵
Where they learn the lessons of absence
Or the treasure of mercy
Where they are dressed.

You are either Beyt-i Mamur²⁶
Where the sky keeps going around
Or the spread paper where sherbets are drunk.

You are absolute soul beyond everything.
You are beyond everything.
The thoughts and surmises are all upside-down
Trying to understand your essence.

Page 45 of original Divan, Volume II.

The ones who are familiar with your favors
Make a mistake when you rise
From the east of absence
And reflect on the land of existence.

You are such a Joseph that your face
Appears on hundreds of wells.
Because of that, Jacobs have fallen.
In the traps and wells of nations.

When you make a rope out of your hair,
You will pull them out of the well
And put the arm of kindness around them,
Save them from bewilderment.

When they are no longer bewildered,
They cover themselves with His attributes.
Be silent now, because words and examples
Are broken down and scattered.



14.

Verse 128

Don't leave this beautiful kingdom
For even one moment, O heart.
One moment drink soul's wine,
The next, chew sugar.

Insight is like Akl-i Kul²⁷ in appearance.
It is like a bouquet of roses.
One moment the inspiration of whole order comes.
The next moment dresses are offered
From the rule of *we gave*.²⁸

The thoughts that are coming
From the soul is beauty,
And pleasure without regret.
They are coming from the secret struggle,
The secret assembly from the verse,
Even the most secret ²⁹secret of secrets.

The charm of every face is a drop from that sea.
But how does the one who is afflicted
With the disease of thirst
Become satisfied with just one drop?

O heart, you have a road
From that narrow corner of the dungeon
To the wide-open spaces.
Why do you think you don't have legs?
Your legs must have fallen asleep.

There are so many different sustenances
Beyond the one for which you are looking.
What other breads have been baked
Besides the one that the baker makes?

After you close your eyes
You ask, "Where is the bright day?"
The sun, reflecting on your closed eyes
Is saying, "Here I am. Open the door."

They pull you from this side.
They pull you from the other side.
Don't go, O muddy, clear water.
Be purified. Turn your face to the heights.

Every thought you have
Worn in the confidence of your heart
Will be evident with their color
And shape at their surface.

The water that the soul of every tree drinks
From the drops and seeds
Will show in its branches and leaves.

If it drinks from the apple,
It grows apple leaves.
If it drinks from the date,
It grows date leaves.

How do doctors understand illness
From the color and face of the patient?
Just like the one whose soul's eye is open
Is able to understand your religion and fate
From the color of your face, from your eyes.

He would understand the state of your religion,
Your love and your hate from your color.
But he would hide it. He wouldn't scorn you.

He looks at the letter
But doesn't read it aloud.
But he will know who will come from that pregnancy.

He would tell, secretly, whatever he sees.
If you have the desire to ask,
You will understand that secret meaning,
That sign language.

But if you don't have that desire,
Even if he says it openly, you won't understand.
You think it's some other's story.
You shake your head in all directions.



15.

Verse 144

I wish my beloved
Would hold my hand tomorrow
And show his moon face to me through the window.

The one who adds soul to my soul
Would come through the door
And untie my hands and feet,
Because this persistent separation
Has tied my hands and my feet.

I said to him, "I swear by your soul,
O life of my soul,
That drinks don't cheer me up,
Neither does wine make me drunk."

If he is coy and says,
"Go away, what do you want from me?
I am afraid your love will be stuck on me."

I will put a sword and shroud in front of him
And lay down like a sheep for sacrifice.
Then I'll tell him, "If I give you a headache,
Please cut off my head.

"As you know, I don't want to live without you.
I swear to God who brings death to life from his grave
That death is better than separation.

“Why do you turn your face from me?
Don’t you believe me?
I used to say that the words of my enemies
Are lies, slander.

“You are my soul.
I cannot live without soul.
You are my eye.
I don’t want an eye that sees without you.”

Leave these words alone, musician.
If you don’t have a zuran,³⁰
Pick up a rebab or tambourine
And start a melody.



16.

Verse 153

Come, O bright Venus,
Pull that shiny beauty's ear.
You created a problem to our heart
With that pull.

I am the one who hasn't attained your wishes.
In order to be your prey, to fall in your trap,
I am either on your roof
Or on the way to the valley and desert.

How would the helpless trap
Know to fool the idle bird?
How would Joseph of Egypt know
The end of that struggle and noise?

Grab anybody and pull them here nicely.
Because I am the trap. You are the hunter.
What a secret talent you have, O beloved.

I am as ruined a city as Lut's.³¹
I admire like Lut's eye.
I want to ask the reason,
But I don't have the heart.

Attar³² was a lover, but Senai³³ was a sultan.
I am neither this nor that.
I have lost my head and my feet.

I have such a sigh
That it would set fire to my valley and desert
And burn my tent to ashes.
I have such an ear that is devoted
To the sultan of sultans who chews sugar.

Be silent. If his soul has the quality
To be attracted to greatness,
That Soul will pull him like amber.



17.

Verse 161

When love's fishing line is acquainted
In my soul with his curly hair,
His idol-worshiper soul
Will draw the dagger of love.

Kingdom said to the ear of heart,
"The soul is saved by our love."
The heart sacrificed thousands of souls
To that word *saved*.

When soul fell to the ground with jealousy,
Kingdom said,
"He won't be able to get up from now on."
He said, "Yet this heart, this soul of mine sit,
Waiting for him to jump up."

Since existence is in absence,
There is nothing that exists in existence.
A fire has come to soul
And burned all of his belongings.

Kingdom has read this Soul's life firman³⁴
Fifty or sixty times and arranged to put it together.
Then, at the sixtieth, it was registered as immortal.³⁵

The greatest of the great, Shems of Tebriz' soul
Is so great that neither the Archangel Gabriel
Nor Vahiy³⁶ knows where he stays.

That mind of mine has seen his glass
Break like glass, but that break
Gave him endless endurance.

When my soul saw your love,
It ascended by saying words such as,
"You make the great and ordinary
Ascend to Your kingdom."

O heart, afraid of His gazelle,
Even if you are a lion hunter,
His drunken lion's prey is lions.

When he cut off the head of death
With the sword which clarifies lives,
Majesty came down from His horse
And kissed his hand.

Tebriz is the first one who said, "Yes,"
When the question, "Am I not your God?"³⁷
Came from God.



18.

Verse 172

If we hadn't fallen in love
With Shemseddin day and night,
How could we give up illusions and reasoning?

If we hadn't been burned with his love,
The idol of lust
Would burn our existence with its fire.

The caresses and favors of His love
Saved us from troubles and fatigues.

His soul has such a magical chemistry
That all troubles and fatigue
Are changed into comfort and pleasure.

The help of God has given us nutrition
From the source of guidance
In order to serve that sultan.

The spring of beauty of that greatest of the great
Has suddenly showed us
Amazing roses, peonies and reyhan.³⁸

What kingdom! What happiness! What fortune!
What a bright star that he asks us with soul
That all the souls wish for.

The glass of our soul is filled
To the rim with the wine of his lips.
When we become drunk, he bites his lip,
Reminding us not to show our drunkenness.

A thousand thanks, because such a rare fortune
Comes to us from that good manner,
That amazing charmer.

At the assembly where he kindly turns pitchers,
Soul and hearts of joy and pleasure
Become heavier in value
And faster in their agility for us.

There is the fountain of life at Tebriz.
Heart keeps pulling us directly there with string.



19.

Verse 183

Come soon so we can throw off
The mantle of our body,
Demolish and flatten the house
Of our existence at that moment.

Gamble your life. Lose all your belongings.
Quit playing with dirt.
I have one life.
I want to gamble right now and lose it.

The world is shaking with fear.
Yet, the soul keeps flying.
I want to make the birds jealous with my flight.

You are the arrow of *The distance remaining*
*Was only two bow's length, even shorter.*³⁹
Stretch your bow,
Because time came to make a shield for soul.

When this fire spreads,
A cry erupts from the world.
Give this fire to me.
Give me this fire
So I can be burned and melt away.



20.

Verse 188

○ lovers, who has ever seen
The city of the ones of good fortune?
It is such a city
That there are few lovers, but many beloved.

We should arrive there and set up a bazaar
To beautify the hearts,
Because they are about to rise.

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It is difficult to find a city like that.
It is hidden even from its own people.
There is justice and fairness there
And the beloved is Muslim.

Lovers have been burning like dry aloe wood
Because of the peerless beloved
Who flames the fire in this side.

My God, for the sake of Your kindness,
For your gleaming, shining glory, forgive me.
I talk confusedly,
Because I am confused without You.

You don't look at this drunk
And the utterly confused.
How lucky is that person You care for and love.
My soul is their drunk.

But you throw away even the one who held fast.
You don't care. What do You lose?
The lover is like ordinary grass over there,
Like sand in the desert.

His blood-thirsty eyes, like Mars,
Ask me, smiling, "Aren't you afraid?"
O beloved, when Mars smiles,
The smell of blood comes.

My heart has come to its senses.
I quit complaining.
It doesn't matter if he is the enemy of soul.
Heart offers him thousands of souls.

I am an angry Kadi. ⁴⁰
The beloved wants soul.
Soul is looking for the beloved.
Both enemies are happy.

Soul is a small particle. He is the planet Saturn.
Soul is a fruit. He is the garden.
Soul is a drop. He is the ocean.
Soul is a seed. He is the mine.

I talk with words covered by shells.
The essence of this word is love.
Love neither fits in thought nor can it be said.

Be silent. Resemble the world.
Be silent. Be drunk and dizzy.
The world wouldn't turn like that
If it weren't drunk.



21.

Verse 201

O heart, there is a group of people who have
Been hidden behind the curtain of your soul.
They all become lifeless and, at the same time, alive
With the wound of the swords of union.

You are not talking about less and more.
How long will you be wondering?
Come and accept the faith of self-annihilation.
They all became each other's relatives
After they went beyond themselves.

They drink and assimilate such oceans
That they become rough and exuberant like the sea.
If they keep silent it's because they know;
They have the knowledge.

There is an assembly like soul
In the sea full of coral.
They ride the soul's Burak⁴¹
Behind this whirling sky.

O sluggish dervish, come to yourself.
Be agile. Be like him. Act quickly.
Come and sit down with heroes.
They are all rind⁴² brothers.

They are sultans. They are the poor.
They have passed out of themselves from drunkenness.
They are on the ground, but still sultans.

They mint gold from the treasure of love.
They are the slave and servant of Shems of Tebriz.
They are the soul of four elements.
They are the pillars of the world.



22.

Verse 208

What is the soul
When my moon-faced beauty comes?
What does the watchman do
When he sees bright day?

Look at the sun's favor.
The sun hides at night so the moon prevails,
So it can act like the moon at night.

Run away from this house, O heart.
This house is a stranger to us,
Foreboding and boring.
Go to a rose garden where the floor is the sky.

Give up the fake morning
And the grudge-filled peace of this world.
That kind of morning always destroys the caravan.

Look for the real morning
That gives life to creatures.
That morning offers morning wine
To thousands of drunks
And mercy to thousands of lovers.

If you plant a rose sapling
On either side of this fire
Whose sparks burn sorrows,
A rose garden will grow there.

He protects good people from every disaster.
Thousands of lives will be sacrificed
For that moon-faced Beloved.

He is such a beauty
That sugar is scattered from his mouth.
He makes humans dance like wine.
He is such a drunk who has merged with all beauties,
And his union is permanent.

If he sleeps one moment
With the picture on Hamam's⁴³ wall,
That picture will come to life.
It will keep clapping its hands, like me.

News comes to our heart from that charmer for sure.
Surely, our star will align with that moon one night.

When he appears from the high roof,
The flabby foot of desire and whims
Turns into a stair right away.

Where is the one who becomes a friend of patience?
The lover rides the moon and clouds that come.
Don't believe it if somebody says,
"The rain cloud needs a gutter."

When the left eye twitches
It is a sign of good news.
What does it mean
When the eye of soul starts twitching?

So many old women who are covered by a carshaf ⁴⁴
Take the life and money of young men.
Don't look at the carshaf.
Try and see the one who hides in it.

What beauties and charmers, like the moon,
Are hidden in that old carshaf?
There are so many lame donkeys
That actually wear horse broadcloth.

There are so many black tents
That have a beautiful Turk, like the moon, inside.
Why worry about old age?
Your glory is enough for you.

Your old shape will fall and be gone,
But your glory will rise.
That comes from dark clouds
But becomes the sun of this world.

The one who sees himself with the moon in his dream
Doesn't care if he sleeps in the barn.

God saves soul's bird to have an iron cage.
God saves the phoenix to stay in that small nest.

Close your mouth because you have endless words.
Say them only in the ear and mind
That is also infinite and immortal.



23.

Verse 228

I need such a lover that when he moves or gets up,
He raises a great tumult
Full of fires everywhere.

I want such a heart that it resembles hell,
Even burns hell.
He isn't afraid of the ocean waves,
Could burn hundreds of oceans.

He should roll the skies
Like a handkerchief in his palm.
He should hang everlasting light
Like a lamp in the dome of sky.

He should attack like a lion
With the heart of an alligator
And leave no one but himself afterward.
He should even fight by himself.

He should tear hundreds of curtains of heart
With his light, then should hear the voice
Coming from the throne, "Masallah, Masallah."⁴⁵

When he turns his face
From the seventh sea to Kafdag,⁴⁶
He should scatter pearls and coral
From that sea to the whole world.



24.

Verse 234

“Cold winter made the leaves fall,”
You were complaining.
Come and see how winter is running away now.

Hear the sound of drums from the thunder.
This is the wedding of earth.
Garden and meadow are preparing their trousseau.

Come and see the assembly of the sultan.
Pour a small drop and watch the smile of earth,
Because the enemy is gone.
The breeze with the beautiful smell has come.

Come, O one whose essence is the cleanest,
The one who smells like a rose garden.
Come out of the contrariness of every donkey
Whose mush is its urine.

Earth has split. Plants have come to the surface;
That's why I called them daggers.
An army has appeared from the land of absence
In one moment
And suddenly come to the land of Hedjaz.⁴⁷

Thank God that the sword of the iris
Was very sharp in this war
And the army of the rose garden
Becomes victorious.

Halva, which is cooked without fire,
Came from the boiling saucepan.
Every branch that was full of halva
Became like chamcha.⁴⁸

The water lily says to the ear of the bud,
“O my beautiful smelling one, eat.
The time has come to fight with the enemy.”

Mefâilün, Mefâilün, Mefâilün, Mefâilün.
Don be afraid of surmise,
Because he acts in a slow, reluctant manner.

Be silent. Look for cleanliness and protection.
Start the journey toward that temple,
Because you cannot sleep well
As long as the voice calls, “Get up. Get up.”



25.

Verse 244

*Tercet-Bend*⁴⁹

Come. The Sultan of Sultan is calling,
Calling souls back like falcons.
Come. The shepherd is driving the herd
Toward the valley.

It's springtime. All Turks are heading to the plains.
It is time to carry all their belongings
From the winter place to the plains.

Don't give last year's hay to the sheep.
The garden, meadow and forest keep laughing.
They grow new leaves now.

O trees, come and remember
How the cold winter took your dresses.
The spring of justice has come again
To get even with winter.

The hoopoe and the dove said to the rose,
"Don't cry anymore.
Solomon who wouldn't even hurt an ant
Has come again."

The world has turned into paradise.
This form resembles the kindness of the beloved.
The state's tellal⁵⁰ gave salat,⁵¹ inviting everyone.

The end of the cold breath of winter
And the tears of April's clouds brought all these.
They make the world smile.

Pack up all of your belongings and go to the garden.
The rose and lily are smiling there.
It is possible that the Beloved will also be there.
Who knows when happiness comes
And opportunity appears?

Surely that Beloved, master of the source
Of life's fountain, is there,
Because the dead garden has come to life.
He is the only One who offers life.

When He enters the rose garden,
The rose as well as the rose sapling prostrates.
When He goes to the reed bed,
The reed grabs sugar.

The trees resemble Jacobs.
They all see their Joseph.
Patience is what saves
The lonely one from separation.

Spring has come. Spring has come.
It is a must to tell poems about spring.
Tell the verse of tercî.
Then I'll tell how the flowers bloom.

This is spring, spring, or the Beloved's face.
The tree is moving in the wind.
It is also unsettled like me.

The assembly of beauties who were born from fairies
Are in the prosperous rose garden.
How beautiful they are!
They keep smiling. They are God's favor.

What an amazing garden of heart.
It is like honey with milk,
Or there is wine in front of every beauty
That doesn't give a hangover.

The bud puts his head to his collar
And smiles secretly. Why secretly?
Maybe he is afraid of the thorns.

The whole body of the narcissus turns into an eye.
The iris becomes mute. Be silent. Quite talking.
This is the time to pay attention. Say it like that.

The tulip burns his lungs.
His heart is full of blood.
That is because of the love
Of that rose-cheeked, tall beloved.

Reyhan⁵² burns incense saying,
"The time of union has come."
The plane tree stretches its arms
And opens its hands saying,
"It is time for being embraced."

Leave these stories about the garden,
Meadow and peonies. Tell us about truth.
This is the time for that. That's what we need.

Truth is the essence of love.
Drink depletes all oceans.
They are afflicted with the thirst of God.
They are thirsty for the Sultan of Sultans.

This love is the greatest of the great.
When it attempts to gamble,
It puts both worlds in front of it and loses.
It puts its soul on top of its head
And still keeps on gambling.

Inside, it is garden and meadow,
Paradise and endless spring.
This is like that forever.
It is spring in appearance also.

The bend⁵³ of the third terci⁵⁴ is this:
It is necessary to scatter tears to every beautiful one,
But when one gets moody, he hits
And scratches my face with anger.

Come, O love, who resembles a sultan,
What did you bring to us?
Land and sea have both stolen
Their generosity from yours.

You are coming by swaying like a drunk
With a glass in your hand.
The pure, clean things of this universe
Will be sacrificed to that old sediment wine.

The worst glass of Yours is an ocean.
The most worthless dice you throw
Is the sign of Gemini.
The simplest fly of Yours is the phoenix.
The simplest art of Yours is mankind.

I am so cheerful because of my illness,
Because you will come and visit the patient.
I am sick because when I have health and happiness,
You are cut off from my conversation.

Comes, O formless Love.
What beautiful figures you have.
I admire that color.
But You are neither red, nor yellow.

You are such a beauty and add so much Soul to souls
When you come with forms.
But when you throw off the forms,
You become that Love, that peerless beauty.

The spring of heart is not from moisture.
The autumn of heart is not from drought.
Neither is it summer from heat nor winter from cold.

What a happy moment was that moment
When you came and said with wonderful kindness,
“I am yours. You are mine. Why are you sad?
Why do you submerge yourself in despair?”

O love, you resemble a lion.
It is not improper to drink blood for you.
Who will ask a lion, “What kind of lion are you?
Why are you drinking blood?”

Every moment souls tell You,
“Our blood would be helal^{ss} for You.”
You would make great and immortal
The One whose blood you drink.

The sky keeps turning at Your door
With the fear of separation from Your moon.
He keeps whirling because he is afraid
You may suddenly turn Your face from him.

How come you don't run away
From the fourth bend of tercî?
It is amazing. The lion of love is very thirsty.
He has the intention of shedding blood.

Come. It is not proper for a lion to be scared.
It is better to have fire than shame.
Death is preferred to a bad reputation.

When all the gardens and meadows wore green,
The rose felt ashamed to wear the same
And covered itself with a red caftan
To come to assembly.

The dress of the tulip is very strange.
It is a unique dark red.
Its collar resembles the sun,
But the skirt is like the night.

The nightingale opened his mouth and said to the bud,
“Open your mouth. Drink wine, O tight-lipped bud.”

The rose answered, “If you drink wine,
Make sure the wine will free drunks.
In fact, you are also in the same trap.”

The nightingale said, “All I know is
That I am the emissary of the Beloved.
I brought news from Him. But rose,
If you know the Beloved,
Why are you concerned with news?”

“Hear my secrets,” The nightingale said,
“I am a sober drunk.
I have been annihilated in that Beloved,
So he has been my heart’s peace and happiness.
You will understand
The peace and happiness of my heart from that.”

Neither this drunkenness resembles that drunkenness
Nor this mind the other.
Those are a shadow. He is the sun.
Those are at the bottom. He is at the top.

If a small drop of this drunkenness
Were poured into the mind of earthly people,
It would be neither existence nor absence.
Neither tolerance nor selfishness would remain.

Sometimes I am drunk with his eyes.
Sometimes I am immersed in his sugar.
O heart, come back to your senses.
You are already in sugar and walnuts.

But I won't enter the fifth bend of the tercê
Unless Shems of Tebriz gives his permission.

He tells me, "Come and say I am sad.
You are a honey bee.
Talk, so that your blood will turn into honey,
Your candle become glory."

The earth has been filled with honey.
Because of the bees of soul's garden.
If you are the man for this wedding,
You won't run away from candle and honey.

Don't gather honey from a stranger's garden.
Your honey will be rotten.
Don't look at a strange bee.
He is the enemy. You are stark naked.

This ugly one becomes beautiful
Because of that beauty.
Such a light exists in this eye,
Even though it is so far away from that.

O heart, you should try to get along with His thorn,
Because His rose garden says, "I am musk,
But you cannot reach me without trouble."

Who cares about the one who is worried
About name and fame,
The one who should go to the front, like Mecnum,
The one who is covered so much
That he cannot get into the Harem?

Blessings rain from heaven and grow on earth
As long as you are alive, even if you are in the sky.

Your soul is Gabriel.
You come to life with his trumpet's sound.
Empty the cane of body.
You are the trumpet of Gabriel.

When you save your life
From thousands of enemies and bandits
That appear on your road,
You will know you are better than they are.

The lion can't reach Taurus or the Ram
Who are the hosts of the sun,
Nor could anything else defeat them.

You haven't had a glance.
You are unable to see the one who watches.
You are deprived of them
Because you are curtained by appearances.

I would love to say the sixth bend of the tercî
If my desire and intentions were clear and pure.
But I am so confused because of separation
That it seems like I am chewing opium.

My mind has been so bewildered by Akl-kul⁵⁶
That it needs neither opium, hashish
Nor the wine made from the grape.

What is the glass of the devil
When the sagrak⁵⁷ of the sultan comes?
What is the stepmother's love worth
In front of the real mother?

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Why should I care for knowledge or go after fame
If I turn my face toward His love?
Why should I take dates to Basra
Or Kimyu⁵⁸ to Kirman?

Thousands of excellent and knowledgeable people
Have become slave and servant
To one good observing eye.
You can see a worthless lion is superior
To a thousand elephants and oxen.

What a sun that adds soul to souls!
One of its sparks
Throws thousands of humans souls
From the black soil.

Every shadow which could be followed
Has bent down saying,
“I missed the first Tekbir⁵⁹ because of that sun.”

There is a Way from the night-blind scorpion
To the sign of the scorpion in the sky,
But only one whose eyes
Are not closed with confusion
Can see Mecca.

Love came as Emir-Hac⁶⁰ from Kaaba.
He is the one who saves you
From every bad man and woman on the road.

How much have I been nourished
By the date which made Mary's eyes shine?
I grow with that date.
I don't have love for the fig anymore.

This old world has been rejuvenated by the love
Of the young who have good fortune and prosperity
What a nice sky. What a nice world.
This one is the road master, the other one his caliph.

Don't look for straight talk from us.
Look for broken hearts here.
Before our good manners had flown,
Every word about us was about good manners.

Say the seventh bend of the tercî
So your words will become mature,
Because the sky has seven levels,
And so does the earth and the organs.
The days of the week are also seven.

Come O Moses, who changes a staff to a snake.
Show your miracles to the pharaohs.

O spring of soul,
You'll make this world green in one breath.
Give the fruit of meaning to the dead tree.

Make the houris of the garden drunk
With the river of wine that keeps flowing here.
They will become so drunk
That they won't recognize their homes and places.

You have painted secretly such a beautiful picture
That the pictures of Mani⁶¹ have moved.

Give aroma to every fruit.
Flow a river in every corner.
Make cypress and Tuba⁶² smile with flowers.

You brought back the flowers
Whose blood was shed by the cold winter.
You gave new life to them.
You showed resurrection and rebirth to them.

They wear thin dresses from the hand
Of the One who gives sustenance.
Every leaf is asking for a fee and favors
With that state of green expression.

The birds on every branch are telling our fortune.
Who is going to die this year?
Who is going to devour the earth?
They are telling us, one by one.

Who will be born? Who will die?
Who will have bad luck?
Who will be lucky and have more property?
Tell them, one by one.

It seems that the rose understands all these.
That's why it becomes red and yellow.
It seems that the branches understand that meaning.
That's why it trembles like the leaves.

The fire of avoidance from sin
Burned everything besides God.
Then lightning came from God
And burned the avoidance from sin.

Take these seven Fetva⁶³ with the terci.
Take this poem which burns even the star of Shira⁶⁴
Take it to the first mufti.⁶⁵



26.

Verse 327

The one who searches for happiness
Is different than the lover.
The one who is in love with his soul and body
Doesn't have the feet to stand on His love.

The lover whose eyes have been clouded by blood
And full of fire doesn't look for the desire of heart
Or doesn't want to have an immortal soul.

The one who has these eyes doesn't cry
If he is afflicted with bad luck
And doesn't rub his eyes with sorrow.
He wants to have his situation
Get worse with every breath.

He wants neither the day of fortune
Nor the night of peace.
His heart is like the time just before dawn,
Between night and day.

There are two mansions in the world.
One is glory. The other one is misery.
I swear on the name of God
That the lover is beyond both of them.

His exuberance doesn't come from the sea.
He is a very valuable, peerless pearl.
His face resembles gold,
But he is not from this mine.

How does the heart ask to become a sultan
With the love of a sultan?
How does the soul
Who is a martyr of the service's belt
Ask for a caftan?

He doesn't want the shadow
Of any good fortune's bird,
Because he has fallen in love
With that great stately bird.
He has become drunk with that love.

Even if the world is filled with sugar,
The lover still cries like a ney,
Saying, "Make the beloved say *no*.
Then I will be separated from that sugar."

I made my home in the land of love
Because of Shemseddin of Tebriz.
I keep saying, "My God, how come such a sultan
Is contemplating a journey?"



27.

Verse 337

The heads of drunks have prostrated once more.
I wonder if that musician of soul
Has started to play behind the curtain.

The one at the front line,
The one who plays with their soul
Has become exuberant again.
Existence has gone to absence.
Absence has come to the land of existence.

The world is filled once more with the sound
Of the trumpet of the Archangel Gabriel.
The ones who are the custodians of secrets
Have come out in the open.
Provision have come to the soul.

Look at the particles of soil.
They are all purified, have found new soul.
All disadvantages have changed to advantage.

There is no color in that universe,
But it reflects like light through the soul,
Blended by red and blue colors.
That's the way it appears to the eye.

The body gets its share of those colors.
For the soul it is that pleasure.
In fact, the smoke from the fire in the kitchen
Is the saucepan's share.

Be sorry, O heart: The smell of aloe wood
Doesn't come from you as long as you stay green.
Where did you see aloe wood
That would smell before it catches on fire?

The smell always stays in aloe wood.
It doesn't come or go anywhere,
But some say it comes early;
Others say it comes late.

The sultan of sultan didn't run away from the line,
But the armor he wears hides him.
He is hiding his moon face from public,
From evil eyes.



28.

Verse 346

He is such a beauty that he teaches coyness
To the moon and Venus all night.
Both his eyes cover the eyes of sky with magic.

O Muslims, you save your hearts,
Because I have merged so much with Him
That my heart cannot join me anymore.

First, I was born from love.
Then I gave my heart to Him,
Just like the fruit that comes from the branch.
At the end it hangs onto the branch.

I am running away from my shadow
Because it is hiding the light.
How could the one
Who runs away from his shadow be settled?

His hair says, "Where is that acrobat
Who plays with a rope?
Have him come back soon."
His face, which resembles a candle, says,
"Where is a moth? Have it come and burn itself."

O heart, be brave for that game.
Submit yourself.
When his candle flares up, throw yourself into it.

If you feel the pleasure of burning,
You can't get enough of the fire.
Even the fountain of life
Cannot separate you from the fire.



29.

Verse 353

Something is striking like lightning.
I wonder if that is the heart captivating the beloved?
What is shining from that corner?
Is that the ruby mine?

What is around that pearl?
Is it the Moon or a star?
It is suspended like a lamp made of divine light.

I wonder if it is soul's lamp or Direfs-i Gâvyân's?⁶⁶
Or is it that candle that has no end to its light?

O heart, raise your head.
Your eyes are very sharp.
Rub your eyes and look carefully.
He is all that you see.

When you can scatter pearls from Him,
No one will be able to see a trace of you.
Make sure you learn that sign.
This should be a symbol between us.

When you see His blaze and brightness,
Go under his wing and be annihilated,
Because the valuable egg also
Stays under the chicken.

When we come forward, He disappears.
But if we stay away, He appears.
He stands, moves and appears.
But he doesn't stand, move and appear
In place and time.
He is totally timeless and spaceless.

When you move the water,
His light that is reflected on water also moves.
You see him like that,
But He is in the sky.

He is not this, not that.
He is the salah⁶⁷ of religion and God.
If you still dare to say he is somebody else,
Go ahead and say it.



30.

Verse 363

Will you kindly excuse me if I ask,
"Where is your home?" Give us the directions.
If we can find it, we will be a guest in your kingdom.

Why are you the sun of earth
And still hiding from us?
Is it suitable for you?
If you say, "Yes," it is suitable for us, too.

Although you didn't say, "I am loyal,"
I still expect some loyalty from you.
Look at the color of my face.
Is it proper for you to do that?

Come, O ruby lip beloved,
My heart has been lost from my body
Since it has been branded by you.
My heart must be with you.

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I have been burning with this fire.
I have been devastated, ruined.
But, O sultan of Beauty,
If a body were to lose his heart,
What would happen?

My heart has been writhing and wriggling
Like a snake with its head crushed,
Turning around you, like a millstone.

I said, "O poor heart, come and sit in your place.
Avoid that fire that is filled with malice."
My heart answered, "Let it happen."

My measures become confused.
Come, O my beloved, who takes my sleep at night.
Ask my sultan of Kashmir; maybe he will be around.

In fact, he is everywhere
And, at the same time, hidden.
All the universe is a mold. He is the soul.
What kind of sultan is that?
Think once and for all:
He must be the holy light of God.

The drunkenness of every drunk
Is from the jar of wine.
You are magnetized amber.
The quick movement of iron is from you.

You bought the house of heart.
You know the heart is yours.
Everything in the house
Belongs to the owner of the house.

Throw the garment that doesn't belong to you
Out of the house.
There is no place for a dog carcass
At Mescid-i Aksa.⁶⁸

O heart of earth, catching heart is your business.
Sparing life is also your business.
You are the only one who has the breath.

To split the sea in the middle is the act of Moses.
But tearing the caftan of the Moon
And dividing it in two is for Mustafa.

Love raises such a tumult
That people run toward the mountain.
Only the ones who look for absence stay in the
city.

He puts fire in that forest.
All the game animals flee.
The one that doesn't run from the fire
Becomes like our Abraham.

Be silent. Cut short, O memory.
When the lover becomes lost
At the temple of the sultan,
He has already explained
All the knowledge before and after.



31.

Verse 380

I made an oath with joy.
Joy will be mine.
I have a promise with the beloved.
The beloved will become soul to me.

The sultan has written a firman⁶⁹ with his own hand.
He gave it to me.
As long as the throne is such, fate is such.
He will be my sultan.

Whether I am drunk or sober,
Nobody but He will hold my hand.
Even if I hurt my hand,
He will be the remedy for me.

Thought won't dare turn around my city.
Nobody will attempt to challenge my sovereignty
As long as He is my Sultan.

Thanks to the glory of His ruby lips,
My face won't become pale.
As long as He is my legend,
Rustem ⁷⁰ will give his life in front of me.

As long as He is my Saturn,
I will scare Venus, scratch the face of Moon,
And grab the dice of the sky.

I will tear the robe of the Moon,
Spill the glass of the Sultan.
If they want to be compensated, he will pay for me.

I live with the wage that comes from the sun.
That's why I am the light of the sky.
My square is the heart.
I am the master of ball and club.

Since I am in the arms of Joseph, I am Egypt,
And, at the same time the land of sugar.
Since He is my Canaan,
Why should I look for the land of Canaan?

What a beautiful present.
What a beautiful observer.
What a beautiful protector.
What a beautiful helper.
Since He is my proof, I defeat every unbeliever.

There is a soul in the earth
That is ashamed to be incarnated in any form.
But nevertheless,
He comes in human form, becomes my human.

The beginning of the month has come.
I am crazy, insane. Don't shake my chain.
Every breath is like the beginning of the month
As long as Moon is at my table.

Since Shems of Tebriz is the one
Who gives words to my tongue,
All the languages will dance like heart for me.



32.

Verse 393

○ One who puts His head to my soul,
Where is Your home?
O my bright Moon,
Where is Your home?

O One who controls everything!
O One who destroys everything!
O One who is hidden from body,
But present in soul and heart,
O my secret but obvious beauty,
Where is Your home?

You are like a palace for the Sultan
Hearts are longing for You.
O my soul, I don't have heart.
Where is your home?

The Moon becomes a nanny for shadows.
How could a shadow reach the nanny?
"I don't know," You say.
O Moon, where is Your home?

I was seeing a trace of the Moon
Turning around hundreds of houses.
Save me from this search.
Where is Your home?



33.

Verse 398

Hear the news, O lovers:
That moon-face beloved has come.
Indulge in pleasure and drinking.
The beloved has come to our arms.

Good luck to wine worshippers.
Drunks have the opportunity
To decorate the assembly of soul.
The wine which doesn't give a hangover has come.

See kiyamet⁷¹ inside of Kiyamet.
Watch that cypress-like beauty.
Earth has become paradise because of Him.
Thousands of springs have come.

Why does He spread fire
When He is the fountain of life?
While He is the strength, peace of soul,
Why does soul get restless and uncomfortable?

Come back once more, O cupbearer.
Find some remedy for lovers;
Because that gazelle's eye,
That blood-thirsty beauty came to hunt like a lion.

The Soul of souls came to his mouth.
The sounds of *help*, *help* filled the air.
The army of His love
Came to the door of the fortress.

Soul, who had been submerged in bad thoughts,
Had taken sword and shroud and was walking
Toward His temple, expecting that the one
Who had returned from love
Would come back with shame.

No beginning and no end have remained with me.
In the love of praised beauty,
The lover resembles a cane.
His love is like fire.

Once the favor of Shems of Tebriz
Kindly comes here.
Soul reaches water, wind, fire and soil.
Those four have come to life.



34.

Verse 304

Be aware, O rinds,⁷²
That sultan of gambling has come again.
If he has any tricks,
They are the same as last year.

Whoever could do that work among the rinds
Should put the belt of service
At that blood-thirsty sultan's temple
And say, "It is my job."

Come, O quick-handed cupbearer.
I'll put on the service belt once more.
I swear on your soul
That as long as I live, I will choose love.

I grew thorns that bloom like a rose
After seeing Your rose garden.
My thorns have been burned by Your love.
My roses have been scattered by You.

You instigate troubles one after the other.
You don't give up instigation.
This time I learned very well
That my beloved is full of tricks.

I turned my other cheek
When my beloved hit one side,⁷³
Because my cheek becomes red from his hand.

You are my sultan from before the beginning.
Your resting place is my heart.
My soul has become so weak without you.
Yet, you don't even ask me where I was.

My sultan says, "Do you think
I lost you in that desert?
Don't you know my patient
Is the sheath of Zulfekaar"

He wounded me and shed my blood.
A gazelle was born with blood.
Selahaddin was separated from me,
Then came to this country.



35.

Verse 416

Ⓔ ala⁷⁴ to the souls of the ones who are longing.
The one who catches heart most beautifully
Has come.
That beauty forges gold. My face is silver.

I swear on the ground that beauty steps on
That the person
Who doesn't give his heart to that beauty
Who has the beauty of the moon
Is nothing but a stone or tree.

The one who runs away from the sun has,
In fact, shed his own blood.
Does the sun ever set because of the night's birds?

Sweep yourself from that house
And see the royal beauty.
Go. Get the broom of absence.
Nothingness is a very good sweeper.

Your body resembles dirt,
Your breath, the clean pure seed.
Desires are like grasshoppers.
Self is like grain to be eaten.

You quit this contemplation.
I wonder if you saw another dream.
What did you eat to make you urine smell like that?

What did you hear?
What did you say?
Where did you sleep all night?
Your color is your heart's spy telling about all this.

Selahaddin of Jacob is a master
Who offers jewels to jewelers.
He is the sun of secrets.
He knows all secrets.



36.

Verse 424

☪ heart, stay with someone who is aware of heart.
Go under the tree that has fresh, beautiful flowers.

Don't run around aimlessly at the bazaar
Of perfumes and other beautiful goods.
Sit at the store where they sell sugar.

Everybody cheats you if you don't have a scale.
Someone polishes counterfeit money,
And you think it is gold.

"I'll be back soon," He says,
And keeps you at the door waiting.
Don't be a fool staying there.
That house has two doors.

Don't bring your bowl to the boiling saucepan.
Don't sit and be idle.
There is a different thing cooking
In every boiling saucepan.

There is neither sugar in every reed
Nor a top for every bottom.
There is neither sight in every eye
Nor a pearl in every sea.

Cry and sing loudly, O story-telling nightingale,
Because the cry of drunks and lovers
Pierces rocks and stone.

If you can't pass through the eye of the needle,
Give your head away.
The thread that can't pass
Through the needle's eye
Must have a knot in it.

This awakened heart is like a candle.
Hide it under your skirt.
Protect it from the air and wind.
There are troubles in the air.

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When you give up air,
You'll sit next to a fountain.
You'll become the friend of someone
Whose lungs are filled with water.

When you have water in your lungs,
You turn into a green tree.
That tree is on a journey down deep.
It gives new fruits every moment.



37.

Verse 435

What is this fragrance? What is this fragrance?
I wonder if the beloved is coming?
I wonder if that rose-cheeked beloved
Is coming from the rose garden.

Is this a night?
Is this aloe wood or ambergris mixed with musk?
I wonder if Joseph is coming from that bazaar?

What brilliance! What a spark!
What a moon! What a sun!
I wonder if that solitude-searching beloved
Is coming from the mountain.

Why are you looking for a wine jar?
Why do you smell its mouth?
I wonder if you think he is coming
From a bartender like you?

What harm would come to the sun
If it goes alone on its way?
If the sultan comes without a turban,
Nothing happens to his greatness.

What did this heart drink at that assembly
That he is coming from the tavern,
Stumbling and swaying, drunk with mud.

Don't sleep. Don't sleep tonight.
Watch for an occasion.
Catch him because he doesn't come that often
To the circle of drunks.

When he walks with his cypress stature,
The whole world turns into a rose garden.
When he appears, judgment day comes.

We all resemble pictures on the wall.
When the light of the One who draws reflects on us,
We move.

He sometimes visits the hospitals like Calinos.⁷⁵
Sometimes he acts like he is sick
And comes here moaning and crying.

I keep silent, silent.
This divan of my poetry feels shy
Because of that fairy
That asks to be forgiven for his guilt.



38.

Verse 446

I need such a beloved
That soul will hold his stirrup.
I need such a musician
That Venus will die in front of him.

I have such a big glass
That it keeps laughing at oceans.
I have such a crazy, insane heart
That it accepts neither a bond nor advice.

O my God, as you know,
I have a soul that cannot stand being without You.
Is there fish that could run away from water?

What a beautiful being You have
And how nicely drunk I am.
Being adores you. Drunkenness is for me.

Come to your senses.
Be silent. Be silent.
You choose such a love
That gives you joy without sorrow every moment.
Accept everything without refusal.



39.

Verse 451

The head is for realizing your desires.
When it is empty, what is the head good for?
Soul is to see.
What is the use of soul without sight?

It is necessary to journey from your self.
What is the meaning of the journey
If you are with your self?

The one who is feeling sick and giddy told me,
“If you eat, chew sugar, but ask me what sugar is.
I put the service belt
In front of you like sugar cane.”

I said, “Sugar is the best thing,
But for other people.”
You are such a fool that even when you see sugar,
You still say, “Is there anything worse than that?”

Because the foundation of your body
Is set with deadly poison,
Your stock is from hell, belongs to hell.”

How could you see Akl-i kul⁷⁶ with Akl-i cuzi?⁷⁷
This drop of intellect has no value
In front of that ocean that drinks blood.

All you read from beginning to end
And from end to beginning
Is nothing but two or three lines.
You have no other job.
If you think it is not like that,
What are this head and these feet?

Heart's eye became blind.
Ears were filled with dirt.
There is no place but the house of surmise
For the deaf and blind.



40.

Verse 459

Every night the specter of my beauty
Praises the attributes of my essence,
Talks about the absence of my essence
That proves my existence.

The sultan of chess of the seven stars
Sends a sign from his ayn-like⁷⁸ eye
And his cim-like ear that checkmates me.

If I picked an apple from that tree and split it in half,
Such a houri would be born,
And grapes would cover the whole world.
Wine would flow around my gardens.

If I took the Koran in my hand
And it slipped from my hand with confusion,
His face would become my head of Azir⁷⁹
And his lips turn to ayet⁸⁰ for me.

The world is Mount Sinai.
I am Moses. I am out of myself.
The world keeps shaking, but the only one who
knows
Is the one who walks where I paid my dues.

Soul's sun rose and said, "O lazy ones, get up.
When I reflect on the mountain,
Even my smallest particles will keep moving."

Be silent. I have cried and yelled so much
That hundred of centuries will pass
And the world will still turn
With my songs and screams.



41.

Verse 466

If sleep comes tonight, it will see
What its beard and mustache deserve.
Instead of a pillow and mattress,
It will get punches and kicks.

The sleeper sees a bad dream.
Good or bad, the interpretation is already clear.

Especially tonight, to sleep at such an assembly!
This is such a gathering that the one
Who watches the road a hundred years sees the end.
Mind can't comprehend this assembly tonight.

The night to meet him is the night of Kadir.⁸¹
The night of separation is the night of Kabir.⁸²
Even Kabir's night shows miracles
From His Kadir's night and receives help from that.

How lucky is the person
That this night keeps constantly hitting on his roof.
That person smiles
Like early dawn receiving numerous gifts.

Go away, O poor sleep.
Get into the eyes of the non-confidant,
Because it is forbidden for strangers
To see the faces of night's beauties,
To watch their stature.

Offer a wine that makes him pass out of himself.
Get him out of his rose garden
So he can see the rope
Made from a bunch of date fibers.

You have spent the day talking.
Night has come. Be silent now,
Because the one who quits talking
Will reach the eternal words.



42.

Verse 474

November has passed and so has winter.
Come. Spring has arrived.
Everywhere there is a green
Happiness and cheers are in the air.
It is time for a walk in the tulip garden now.

Look at the trees.
They are all over,
Shaking their heads like drunks.
The breeze of early dawn spells charm.
The rose garden has become restless.

The water lily said to the jasmine,
"Watch me wriggle."
The flower said to the meadow,
"Surely God's kindness and favor have come."

The violet prostrated
And gave its essence to God like a Hyacinth.
The narcissus blinked its eyes and said,
"The time has come to take lessons."

What did that willow tree say?
By shaking his head, his mind went
Because of drunkenness
What did that beautiful cypress see
That it kept growing and became immortal?

Painters took the pens in their hands.
Their paintings defined the beauty
Of mountains, valleys, gardens and meadow.
My soul has become drunk because of them.

Thousands of colorful birds sit on the pulpit
And start praising, saying,
“The time has come to tell everything.”

When soul's bird said “yahu,”⁸³
The dove started asking coo-coo, “where where?”
He answered, “You haven't gotten even His smell.
Waiting has become your share.”

Tell everything inside of you to the flowers.
Show all of what you have in your heart.
The time has come to be coy
To the friend of the cave. Say,
“You do not deem to hide the thing in your heart.”

The nightingale said to the rose,
“Look at this green iris. He keeps secrets
Even though he has hundreds of tongues.”

The nightingale answered,
“Don't blame me for spreading the secret.
Believe me, my love has no mercy, just like you.”

The plane tree said to the grapevine,
“O one who has prostrated after the grape, rise.”
The grape answered,
“I did the prostration involuntarily.”

"I am loaded with the wine
That hits and breaks drunks.
My essence is like fire. What do you have?"

Saffron came very happily.
He had the sign of lovers⁷⁷ on his face.
The rose felt sorry for him and said,
"Vah-vah,⁸⁴ how did that poor one come with tears?"

The red, smiling apple understood
What had happened to saffron
And said to the rose, "Don't mind him.
He still doesn't know how gentle, how patient the
Beloved is."

The apple has put himself on trial.
He said, "I have a good reputation with God."
After that, stones started coming to him
From every direction for trial.

The real person smiles when he is stoned.
Why shouldn't he smile?
Stones are coming from the Sultan of Sultan.

The reason of the ones
Who throw stones at beauties is to call them.
Harshness between friends
Doesn't make them enemies.

Zeliha tore the shirt of Joseph⁸⁵
Just to make her secret known
And to attract him to herself.
Know this very well.

The one who is stoned doesn't suffer.
He says, "I am on the gallows, but I am happy.
As long as He is the One who hangs me,
I would turn into Mansur."

I have been hung on the gallows of Rahman,⁸⁶
Beyond the lips of the uglies.
I have been hugged, have kissed and been kissed.

Come to your senses. Kisses are over.
Cover your heart like a woman covers her head.
Take your innumerable breaths
Through your heart, secretly.



43.

Verse 496

Come. Tonight is resembling
The Beloved's hair for offering souls.
The Moon looks like that for that cheek.

Stars are turning around like wandering lovers
In the circle of the sky.
Minds are becoming restless because of their
heartaches.

Soul's cupbearer has offered such a wine
Of that secret universe by the glass!
Let's look at it and see
Who has become drunk and who has stayed sober.

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You cannot find anyone but those who are ill,
Who stay awake crying and wailing at night.
Even if I don't cry, my sick heart cries and wails.

O heart, cry like lonely Jonah in this sea.
It seems like night's alligator
Eats humans in this sea.

He will eat and digest all of us at night.
There will be neither store nor profit in this bazaar.

What has happened to the one
Who helps God's creatures,
The one who protects God's cities?
Take a look and see who remains
Besides the One
Who created souls so unique and peerless.

The sky is the bazaar of Saturn.
All the stars keep turning there.
Our nights are their morning,
Because they are all by themselves.

There is a strange sky,
A strange bazaar besides this earth and sky,
But that bazaar stays secret because of its jealousy.



44.

Verse 505

If He destroys hundreds like me,
There is no sorrow for Him.
You fall in love. He doesn't care.
Your heart is broken. He has many others.

He asks, "Why can't your eyes see the wine?"
What can they do?
They are always wet in front of Your sun.

I will lick His wounds at His temple, like Ishmael.
If His intention is to reproach me,
I accept, because I am Abraham.

If my exuberance has become well known,
I am excused, O my God.
I am a slave to a love that has a flag and drum.

When my sweet Beloved floors me,
Why should that poor soul feel sad?
He has such a great Beloved.

His sorrow is a treasure to my heart.
My heart is glory after glory,⁸⁷
Just like beautiful Mary who had Jesus in her belly.

My beloved resembles the sun,
But he walks around alone, has an army of stars.
The Moon is the commander-in-chief.

The mouths of all the seas are bitter
Because of his sorrow.
Look at the face of the Moon.
He is even branded. See the scars of the brand.

No lover like me
Has appeared in either East or West for centuries.
If you don't believe me,
Ask the sky, whose back is bent like mine.

How lucky is that man who woke up from sleep
With a pinch from his Beloved.
He appreciates and cherishes that, rejoices with it.

If the doctor gives bitter medicine to the patient,
He should drink it like sweet juice.
It is not proper for a wise person
To blame the doctor.

If you blame the doctor, you will stay sick.
The apprentice who respects his master
Learns something.

Be silent.
It is not good to yell and scream in this sea.
The diver is the one
Who knows how to hold his breath.



45.

Verse 518

We keep seeing the cupbearer turning
Around wine's jar.
Get the smell of pure gold.
The silver-bodied ones keep turning around.

From now on, heart is not the same.
Soul has lost his peace,
Because that beloved of heart and soul
Who is as beautiful as the Moon
Keeps turning around the roof.

Helpless heart has been caught by Him.
Mind has fallen and become crazy, insane.
He has bait in His hand.
What does He do? He sets the trap.

Our Moon gathered the harvest.
Now He wants to burn it.
He cooked the soul, now goes after the raw ones.

That Moon pays no attention to the journey.
What's the stage, the road for Him?
He keeps turning like days because of our needs.

He is such a Sultan that oceans and mines
Are all asking alms from Him.
The reason He keeps turning around the penniless
Is to give money to them.

I give up all this.
The cupbearer offers me a cup from your blessing
So all the world is turning around those blessings.

One night You said kindly,
"I turn your night into day."
Since then, my soul turns
Like a millstone around this news.

Make him drunk with Your kindness and favor.
Make him nice with the glass of Elest.⁸⁸
Knock him down.
Make him worship wine,
Because he is drinking dreams now.

Make him turn to the sight of the truth.
Make him drink wine,
Because he is drinking dreams now.

Cut his neck secretly
From the one who blocks his way.
What is the secret from your hero?
He keeps turning like a sword.

I become either Zarathustran or a believer.
You are the beginning. You are the end.
When you hide, joy is submerged in grief
And turns around foolishly.

My heart is full.
You talk, my God. That is proper.
What is the value of talk
About the nonsense dreams of a sleeper?



46.

Verse 531

The parrot came to the tree to tell sugar's prayer.
The rose asked the nightingale to read poetry.

Revelation came to the green cypress,
Saying, "As long as your soul stays in your body,
Put a belt on your waist. Serve day and night.
That brings results."

From the Moon to the fish,
Everything does its rosary.
But mind is the master and says it in a better way.

When He gives the lesson of His view,
Stones cry, and sky begs.
Hundreds of gifts come from Arsh.⁸⁹

When the One who scatters ambergris
Starts telling the story of the early morning breeze,
You will see the thousands of silver bodies
Open their chests and hearts and submerge into
Him.

When He explains the heart,
Whose heart will remain?
When He gives news,
Who will have news about himself?

He is the One who talks about the love of soul,
Talks about passengers,
Explains to the head how to become greatful,
And tells the story of heart's blood.



47.

Verse 538

Spring has arrived; spring has come.
Beautiful-faced spring has come.
The earth has become nice and green.
It's time to walk around the tulip garden.

O reyhan⁹⁰ listen to the iris.
The iris has hundreds of tongues.
See the clay tablet?
It is adorned and filled with beauties.

The rose keeps asking nesrin,⁹¹
"How were you in those strange places?"
He answers, "I am all right now,
Because pleasures came from that land."

"You are dancing like a drunk,"
Jasmine says to Cypress. Cypress answers,
"That gentle, compassionate Beloved has come."

The violet went to the water lily and said,
"The time for withering is gone.
Immortal life has come. Congratulations."

The narcissus is blinking his eyes.
"Aren't you smiling?" The rose answers,
"Yes. I smile because the Beloved
Has come to my arms."

The pine tree says, "The difficult road
Has become easier with the grace of God,
Because every fresh leaf grows
Like a tempered sword."

Beautiful-faced Turks came with their jewelry
To the presence of the Sultan
From the Turkestan of the world,
Entered His assembly
And landed in the mud of India.

Look at this talkative stork at the top of the pulpit.
"O hard-working friend," it says,
"It is time for work."



48.

Verse 547

Spring has come. Spring has come.
Spring has come by scattering musk.
The beloved has come. The beloved has come.
The gentle, compassionate beloved has come.

Morning wine has come. Morning wine has come.
The soul wine that is drunk in the morning
Has come.
The moon-faced cupbearer has come to offer wine.

Cleanliness and pureness have come.
Cleanliness and pureness have come.
The stone and sand both have become shiny.
Healing has come. Healing has come.
Healing has reached every ill and emaciated one.

The beloved has come. The beloved has come
To catch the heart of the longing ones.
The doctor has come.
That wise, smart doctor has come.

Sema⁹² has come, Sema has come.
Sema with a headache has come.
Union has come. Union has come.
Great union has come.

Spring has come. Spring has come.
Peerless spring has come.
Peonies, reyhān and beautiful-faced tulips have come.

Someone has come. Someone has come.
Someone who will change even no one to someone
Has come.

A moon has come. A moon has come.
A moon that will settle the dirt and dust has come.

A heart has come.
A heart has come that will make other hearts smile.
A wine has come.
A wine has come that will cure all hangovers.

A palm has come.
A palm has come
That has a pearl in it found by the sea.
A sultan has come.
A sultan has come that is the soul of every country.

Where did he come from?
Where did he come from that he never left here?
The eye sometimes sees and recognizes him.
And sometimes can't see and can't appreciate him.

I will close my eyes. I will open my eyes.
I will say he has come.
He is the friend of sleep.
He is the friend of vigilance.

Now the one who talks becomes silent.
But silence comes to talk.
Leave the numbered alphabet.
The innumerable alphabet has come.



49.

Verse 559

When the beloved's image comes
And enters my heart, it turns into mother of pearl.
When he fills this house,
There is no room for me here.

Soul's lips are cracked at night
Because of the sweetness of his words.
I am amazed that he can still say,
"The right words are bitter."

Food comes from outside,
But the lover gets his nutrition from essence.
He gets his food by himself.
The lover ruminates like a camel.

Walk fast like a fairy.
Disappear from your own eyes.
It is not nice for a lonely,
Wounded person to be undressed.

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Selahaddin came for hunting.
All the lions are prey.
The one who becomes his slave and servant
Is free from both worlds.



50.

Verse 564

I have reached such a desert
That love is appearing there.
Dirt and carcasses are becoming clean there.

How could soul dare to be equal to coral?
But you watch; the sun even reflects on particles.

There are thousands of locks.
Every one of them is as big as the sky.
But two or three letters from the alphabet,
As small as teeth,
Are the keys for those locks.

The one who swims in that sea
Sees an inscription there,
“One who has been martyred hundreds of times
Becomes a veteran.”

I have become a slave and servant
To the waves of that sea.
It is bairam to me as well as sacrifice.
I am also a slave and servant
To the fish who are fed by that sea.

Every drop that comes from that sea
Dresses in a different form.
Make sure that they become
Either Cuneyd or Beyazid.⁹³

Come, O friend, dive into that sea.
Every drop comes out of your body,
Brings a thousand kindnesses and thousand views.

Ships have been threatened
By the rise and waves of the sea,
But they found mercy
From the wave of the Akdeniz.⁹⁴

There is bairam in every breath
For the arif⁹⁵ and lovers.
They don't have to wait a whole year.



51.

Verse 573

I have been looking for a naïve
Who could see the Beloved.
I don't want a smart one
Who already has certain views in his eye.

I want a shell that will take that pearl in his soul,
Not a stone-heart who thinks he has a pearl inside.

I want the one who quit seeing himself,
I want the one who is filled with God's love,
The one who is not aware
Of the pinch of sorrow and grief of daily life.
I want the one who is only pinched with lessons.
That's what I want.



52.

Verse 576

Look at me like a father,
Not as your mother's husband or a stepfather.
Especially see me as a father who knows very well
All your secret little games and playing.

If you act straight with him, it would be better,
Because if you act crooked with him,
He makes you worse because of your obstinacy.

Listen to your father.
He is calling you to the presence of such a sultan
That Keyhusrev⁹⁶ becomes dust
On the bottom of his feet.
Sencer⁹⁷ gives his life at the temple.

Since you have heard the verse,
"God is really calling you,"⁹⁸
Don't turn your face away.
What a shepherd is He! What a caller is He!
What a way is He! What a beautiful guide is He!

O soul, you have been widely scattered
By every trouble and every remedy.
Look for a gathering with His love.
Be a pulpit at that mosque.

Since you have seen His greatness, you are Kerrar. ⁹⁹

You are God's lion.

Since you have watched His arms and wings,

You are Tayyar, you are Ca'fer. ¹⁰⁰



53.

Verse 582

The source of awareness gave me opium
Once more in my sleep,
Gave the opium of exuberance
And put me into ecstasy.

I try to take no heed,
Act like I don't know him,
But that fool Moon comes suddenly
With a big glass in his hand,

And asks me, "How long will you be knocking
At every door, begging like a poor, unlucky person?"

Even with all your yelling and crying,
You are still the slave of kettle and mantle.
If you are the truth, if you have reached truth,
Why are you in a sack like this?

The things that are born from you are a disgrace,
A shame to the sultans.
You were an angel.
Why have you become the laughing-stock for Satan?
What a pity."

Who knows His words?
The world is not His peer.
The world is blind to His openness and His secrets.
His existence is deaf.

I wish I had that soul so I could open the secret
Of the Beloved and every soul that sees and hears
Would jump out of this threshold.

I have been in a difficult situation
Because of that heart-catching beauty.
His gracious swaying has ruined my heart,
His great strolling.

If I talk with the faithful,
They all become unbelievers in one moment.
If I talk to the unbelievers,
They all acquire faith.
No unbeliever remains in the world.

His specter came into my dream last night
And kindly asked me, "How are you?"
I answered, "I am very difficult,
In a tight situation without You."

O Beloved, even if we have hundreds of souls,
They all turn into blood with Your sorrow.
Is your heart stone, granite or a mountain of marble?"



54.

Verse 593

If you will drink wine,
You may as well drink
From the hand of your charmer.
Our beautiful Beloved whose face is like fire
Burns the whole world.

It is not proper to burn a harvest each time
Like a lightning bolt.
Try to drink the sherbet from above
Like the field at the top of the mountain.

If you want to tear the curtain of sanity,
Drink the wine of timelessness and spacelessness
From the hand of love that puts his food down.

If you have anxiety and your face becomes pale,
Go to His rose garden.
If you are drunk and your pride is hurt,
Drink His choice wine.

This cupbearer runs away from the drunks
Who are after fame and name.
If you are beyond these restrictions,
If you don't care for anything,
Don't drink secretly. Drink openly.

If you want to have friends
Like Bistami¹⁰¹ and Kerhi,¹⁰²
Don't drink wine at this stoke-hole.
Settle down at the highest ceiling and drink there.

Go away. If you have business,
Take charge of it.
Since you are not in love with Joseph,
Keep suffering the sorrow of Zeliha's caprices.

The one who demolishes his store
Is the laziest in the world.
Since the torrent hasn't caught you,
Drink water from the bag of the water carrier.

Why do you keep turning like a skimmer
Around the cauldron of this world?
O poor man, get out. Don't bother to eat halva.

O crazy one, you have been filled by blood,
Like a boil, at this bazaar.
Since you desire beauty,
Go suffer from the sword of lala.

If you long for the rise of the light
Of Shems of Tebriz,
Drink the wine of patience and piety
Without hesitation.



55.

Verse 604

If the lover whose heart is taken away gets lost,
Look for him at the side
Of the one who took his heart.
If the lover runs away,
Look for him next to the Beloved.

If the nightingale of my soul
Suddenly flies away from body,
Don't search for him at every thorn.
Look for him in that rose garden.

When the drunken heart throws
That bottle on the stones one of these days,
Go to the tavern right away
And ask for the tavern keeper.

When the one who is addicted to your love
Disappears from that assembly,
Look for him in the eyes of that thieving beauty.

Put your mind in your head.
Search for the lost lover
In the arms of that pitiless sun
That scatters lightning and sends thunder.

If the robber drills a hole
And steals all the lover's belongings,
Look for him in the black hair that smells of musk.

You cannot find that lively, talented Beauty
While you are sleeping.
Look for him only when you are awake.

I asked of that beauty from a pir¹⁰³ at heart's quarter,
The pir pointed out,
"Look for him in the world of secrets."

"For God's sake, "I said,
"Aren't you the world of secrets?"
"Yes," he said, "I am the sea full of pearls.
Look for him in that sea."

What a pearl that is
That it will raise the sea with light.
Muslims, Muslims, look for Him in that light.

Shems of Tebriz
Came to the bazaar of pureness and cleanliness.
Tell the pure, clean brothers
To look for him in that bazaar.



56.

Verse 615

There is no contrition at the temple.
There are favors and offers of love and peace here.

The one who suffers through poverty
Develops and gives fruit at the garden of soul.
This favor comes to us from the Sultan.
The rest of that is all empty words.

There are eyes on his way.
Every corner of his palace is a seat of honor.
What would happen if body melts down?
Look at soul, constantly growing
And adding soul to soul.

Look at this pure, clean grace,
Then watch this terrible person.
He gives a place a handful of soil
In the land of Absence.

So many blind and crippled
Are able to walk because of Him.
So many troubled souls
Become sugar-chewing parrots.

There are so many other wounds opened
Without knives besides these five senses,
Four elements and six directions.
These wounds are opened
By the hand of a thirsty love
Whose cupbearer is blood.

How am I burning so beautifully?
I have been lit by His candle.
How happy I am today from the glory
That he will give me tomorrow.

Why do I become dirt and degraded?
Because I am in love. I am drunk.
Why do I turn into soul?
Because of the love that destroys body.

Lovers have stood, row by row,
And raised their hands, begging for their wishes.
Heart is like a tambourine with His strikes.
Mouth is His shrill pipe.

What shape and situation is that heart
Because of Him?
Heart has been stained,
Line by line with blood, because of Him.
A fight and uproar have been raised in the sky
Because of Him,
And sky is filled with his yells and screams.

O Shems of Tebriz,
You said, "If you want to be praised,
Put your head to His feet."
O heart, how long will you endure?



57.

Verse 626

Heart will fall to pieces like his scattered hair
If there is no chance to raise my head
From his collar.

O security of beauty,
My soul steals so many pearls from his garnet.
Hurt him! Hurt him!

If one has worshipped someone
Other than your infidel hair,
Burn his belief and unbelief
With the fire of your desire.

His hair will be scattered around
As long as he hides his face.
His hidden face will hurt many others besides me.

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I have fallen in love.
All my belongings have gone.
I would tear my dresses
Like a rose in his love garden.

I looked one day and noticed
That heart has been rolling over on rose cheeks.
When I asked, he said
That he had fallen in favor rolling over like that.

I will write to that cheek, tell about my situation.
It is an expert at reading and writing.

But, I am afraid of those cruel hairs.
That Indian has tied so many hearts with slander.

Look at the dimple in the chin,
But don't be afraid, O heart.
This is the well for the dungeon
Of every heart that sees such rope.



58.

Verse 635

What did that hodja have in his heart
That makes his face shine?
His face shows what is inside.
What did he drink that his sleepy eyes
Are becoming half-closed?

Who could that be but a pearl in the sea
That talks like that?
Sky is shining so beautifully,
Because it is reflected on the sea full of pearls.

I was going to my work with my own poverty.
Suddenly, hodja came across.
I saw his turban.

I was an experienced bird,
But I fell in hodja's trap.
I gave my heart as well as my eyes.
I became his humble servant.

His eyebrows proclaim the greatness of God.
His eyes throw an arrow.
Heart has been wounded
By the arrow of faith and has fallen to him.

The dream that this confused lover
Saw last night became real.
I saw him today.

If dark evening had seen my dream,
It would change into bright day.
Its brilliance would exceed the daylight.

How wonderful that is.
What a hodja this is.
Thousands of hodjas have been slaves to his face.
They have been adorned by that.

How could one who worries about life
Become the hodja of this world?
He cannot be a wise master.
He has become the slave of earth.



59.

Verse 644

Heart-catching beauty,
There are two planets of Mars.
They became a peer to the Moon.
They are your two eyes.
Pull the obstinate one to the well of Babil
With the story of Harut-Marut.¹⁰⁴

All the beauties' beauty is in you.
O Solomon, tie all the fairies and giants
To the chain with that curse.

You open the treasure of favors
To man as well as djinn.
Give the command of *we gave you* ¹⁰⁵
To this poor beggar.

Enlighten the body with soul.
Pull envy from its roots.
Look carefully to the East.
Question the mind.

Offer endless wine and appetizers to lips
When they read the verse,
*To God who is merciful and compassionate.*¹⁰⁶
When they say,
Not to the ones who have gone astray,
Show them evidence.

When soul runs toward you,
Give him a candle so he can find his way.
When he searches your sun,
Lead him to stages like the Moon.¹⁰⁷

Give wine to the drunken lover
With the glass of Keykavus.¹⁰⁸
Put the learning of subtle things
Like art and talent in front of mind.

Attract the soul.
Give power with your favor and kindness.
Give dresses and gifts which belong to no one
To that self that resembles Kabil.¹⁰⁹

Give the news of *don't be in despair*¹¹⁰
To the prisoner of sorrow and separation,
And carry the one who died from your beauty
From the place of death to the one who killed.

If the heart of this body is an infidel,
Proclaim Shehadet¹¹¹ to him.
If soul doesn't have anything,
Please give him something.

Bring him back to life.
If you don't, assign Jesus to him.
Have him reach Your union.
If you don't, have him reach someone
Who is kind with Your kindness.

O one who lives on the surface of earth,
Even the ground trembled
When it saw that beauty and that pureness.
Read the chapter of
*When the earth shakes violently*¹¹²
And watch for earthquakes.

Now You tell the rest of it,
Because You are not only the Sultan of ecstasy,
You are also the Sultan of words.
If someone cuts or adds a word to your words,
Draw a line through the words as well as through him.



60.

Verse 657

○ Muslims, I trust in God.
From this fiery separation
Darkness inside of darkness
Covered me with the absence of the Beloved.

When the fish of soul stays away from the sea,
It becomes restless and uneasy,
Just like the unlucky fish
That finds itself in the desert
And starts digging in the sand looking for water.

It is not unusual if the lover dies at the stage.
Who would wonder if the fish
That is out of the sea becomes thirsty?

If somebody denies the fire of burning lovers,
He will give a good example of the difference
Between the blind and seeing eye.

When the mat of union is taken away
From the house of lovers,
A fiery cover is spread under the young one.

The Jacob of love will be relieved
When the news of Joseph comes to him.
Here is a garden and meadow.
Here is a heaven in which to live.

My heart tells my ear with hope
That to meet with Shemseddin,
"It is necessary to go to Tebriz.
It is necessary to search at Tebriz."¹¹³



61.¹¹⁴

Verse 664

O cupbearer, I am thirsty, longing.
Don't hesitate, offer the glass.
Everybody is drunk and has passed out.

If you want to know my secret,
Give me a glass full of fire.
Make me drunk, then ask,
For whom do you long
And with whom are you in love?

Love turned on a light.
Night changed into morning.
Even the stones were broken with lights.

I gave up all my remedies for love.
The bitterness of love is halva for me.
Among lovers, I go wherever they lead me.

All the world will be yours. Take it.
The religion of love is enough for us.
There are paradises in love,
Towns and streets, for us.

We are meeting with souls.
They are acting as cupbearers for us.
Wine is abundant.
It keeps coming, but the glass of love is too thin.



62.

Verse 670

Right now, ruby-colored tears
Start coming from the eyes.
A sign has appeared from the love
Whose trace of his dust never appears.

Look at the color of beloveds.
Look at the color of lovers.
Those two beautiful colors came
From that colorless soul just now.

Watch and see.
The sky is offering
Thousands of colors every moment,
Such colors that exist in neither earth nor sky.

The essence of color is colorlessness.
The essence of shape is shapelessness.
The essence of words is silence.
It is the same for the things in hand,
As well as for the mine and treasure.

You are the lover.
You are the beloved.
You are also the one
Who is looking for both of them.
But you are behind many curtains
In order to hide from this one and that one.

You are Abihayet,¹¹⁵
But you closed your mouth because of jealousy.
Mouth keeps silent. Heart continues yelling.

The songs of birds in the early morning
Are the envoy that comes from the mutes.
The trace of the world that cries in silence
Is in the mouth.

If you cry with His pleasure,
Why do you also cry at His separation?
You deny it, but there are
A thousand bits of evidence here.

If you haven't been hunted by a Beloved,
Why are you so restless?
If you see that the millstone is turning,
Make sure there is water around.

My soul orders, "Be silent. Don't hurt me."
I obey. I quit talking. I'll keep silent.



63.

Verse 580

The Beloved came, suddenly, to make me happy.
That blood-thirsty sultan came secretly,
Like a bright Moon at night.

He put his hand to my mouth and said,
“Don’t talk. Be silent.”
His eyes commanded, “Go on. Start secretly.”

Since he did this favor, I am now drunk.
I broke the door of the rose garden,
I was stealing roses from that garden.

“O charmer,” I said to him, “What instigation,
What trouble you are causing.
O deceitful one, do something mischievous.”

We are all alone here.
It is night, but I am afraid
That someone will hear the secrets.
Put your lips to my ear.

O my Moon-faced beauty,
Tell those secrets that kill lovers.
Don’t be silent tonight.
Touch the strings of the drunk’s harp secretly.

O smiling beauty, follow the rule of alms;
Give a kiss secretly from your lips that scatter sugar.
Add Soul to soul.

All these informers are asleep.
They have all passed out.
“Yes,” he said, “but one of them could be awake.”

Don't. Don't do it, O Shems of Tebriz.
Don't be rough. Don't be hard.
O my sultan, when can I find you
Secretly like that?



64.

Verse 689

The one who resists lust in that house,
On return, obtains the land of soul
From the land of mud, O heart.

When one has two wives,
One of the wife's heart will surely be broken,
Because the other wife appears
To be more charming to his eye.

"Why the patience of Eyub¹⁶
With that beauty?" you say.
Frustrated by thirst, you add, "It is useless."

He answers as a drunk,
"You haven't seen Him yet.
He is great. You are ordinary.
He is perfect. You are not."

Even if he turns his face to Him again,
Trying to sow the seed of friendship
Still is a problem,
Because he has already moved out of here.

That Beauty doesn't seem to be coy.
Even if he gets along with that man,
He cannot settle his heart
Which belongs on the other side.

Be patient. Don't be evil.
Watch the beauty of the houri.
Patience won't be difficult for you at that moment.

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All pleading during prostration,
Sitting and standing are sent to that temple.
Wishes are from that temple.
But lust impedes you from finding this pleasure.

Come close to ones who become
The friend of patience, advice to the avaricious.
Don't listen to this crying and yelling self.
Don't eat from the hand of greed.

If you advise someone,
This will help relieve your anger.
If you give up the one who comes easy,
The patience of waiting for the one
Who comes later will make you sweeter.

Appearances come from nothingness.
Time and space are born from absence.
Blood is made from vinegar.
So many differently-colored lies appear from one truth.

Since you read the words of existence,
With this explanation,
Patience is the sum of all these.
Act according to this explanation.

Be patient for the sake of Shems of Tebriz. Don't rush.
If you go to sleep as a human,
You will wake up as an angel.
He is a great sultan with many favors.



65.

Verse 702.

My moon-faced beauty does favor after favor.
For that reason I have not settled down, O heart.
My heart is in the fountain of life.
My body is at the tulip garden, O heart.

A charmer, a moon-faced Joseph,
A rose-cheeked beauty sits under every tree
To look at the face of the sultan, O heart.

He sends a spark from the love
Of his own soul and flesh
To the heart of soul's beauty
As well as the beauty of body, O heart.

He fills up joys inside of the hearts of his slaves
Like seeds of the pomegranate, O heart.

When drunks embrace each other
With kindness at His assembly,
Water also embraces fire with His love, O heart.

At union where He touches beauties
With His own glass,
The Archangel Gabriel is the sentry,
And Hizir¹¹⁷ is the doorkeeper, O heart.

When His worthless slave leaves His assembly,
He gives up his money, his property,
His name, title and glory.
He considers all of them a shame and disgrace, O heart.

Consider His garden a world.
In contrast, this world is like a cave.
His favor will pull you out of this narrow cave, O heart.

Above the soil, wind, water and fire,
There are rose gardens and reyhans¹¹⁸
And different shapes and colors of peonies, O heart.

These flowers grow from the earth,
Come from His reflection.
You are eating dirt here.
What is your business there, O heart?

Clap your hands with the love
Of the Master of masters.
All calamities stay at the side.
With His little kiss, O heart.

I swear to the pure clean soul
Of the Master of masters, Shemseddin,
That if you want to run away,
You have to get your arms and wings from Him, O heart.

I swear by the earth that Shems of Tebriz steps on,
If you give soul to him, you will find souls.
In fact, the ground on which he steps is an elixir, O heart.

Now, there is such a bond on my foot
From separation made by fire, that even I am weak.
Still, when I mention him, I become drunk, O heart.

When I start yelling and crying
Because of His love,
I have thousands of melodies like a harp, O heart.

I want to reach that destiny,
Because the beloved helped me,
Did a favor for me.
Put the halter in my hand, O heart.

Under that sultan's shadow, around my horse,
Thousands of sultans stand in line, O heart.

This favor was not from this side,
But from the other side, from the land of soul.
There you can be sure that there is no this year,
No last year and no next year, O heart.

I have been helped by the essence
Of Shemseddin's secret world.
That's where I get my greatness.
I become drunk and insane, O heart.

I used to be so patient, so settled, so serious,
That even Job couldn't be as patient as I was.

The halter has slipped out of my hand so badly,
And I have arrived at such a place!
Never mind finding the right road;
I can hardly find a trace of his dust.

I pled to the temple of God
That He would cast the shadow of that sun,
Because without that,
Heart has no warp and no woof, O heart.

O grievous heart, I still have hope
That He may come back suddenly.
Just keep soul busy in the meantime, O soul.



66.

Verse 735

Ⓕ saying, "I don't have anything to do with this,"
He made a sour face.
Words like *vinegar is a nice condiment*¹¹⁹
Are written on his face.

If you take two or three steps
From anger and greed to calm and modesty,
You will be exalted and change into honey.
You will sweeten the entire universe, besides you.
But, what is this laziness?

I have looked wrong.
I have spoken wrong.
I am always the friend of wrong.
If I saw your face,
My eyes wouldn't be crossed like this.

O heart, if you see yourself as crooked,
That is from you, not from the mirror.
First, you must straighten yourself.

Someone went to the opening of a well
And saw the Moon at the bottom.
Yet the Moon yelled from the sky,
"Don't worry. I am right here."

Don't look for the Moon at the bottom.
There is no existence in absence.
The one who sows the seeds of Abu Cehil¹²⁰
Cannot harvest sugar cane.

Beauty is to be annihilated in existence.
Yet, you search for beauty in existence, O my friend.
This is not the place to solve difficulty.
Go to where you can get something.

You are such a duck that you are looking
For the Moon on the water in which you swim.
You are such that,
Instead of taking steps and going on a journey,
You keep hitting your own vital spot.

Sober ones were all lost on this road
With their heads and feet.
What can I do? I am so drunk.

My God, hold the hand of Your drunk.
Otherwise, he will do the same to himself
That he does to the world when he is drunk.

You made me upside-down, but brought me closer to you.
The boil gets better after being squeezed.

After all this wine and drunkenness,
You straightened up my affairs.
I took refuge in You.
Come on, O lazy ones.

O Shems of Tebriz, you are neither
From this East nor that West,
Nor from the sun which eclipses and becomes dark.



67.

Verse 738 *Tercet-Bend*

Remember? You deceived us with a wine before.
Give us that same wine again.
Give it to us so it will save our soul
From the past and the future.

My face will be covered with joy
Like a satin garment from your fire.
Love will flow from my soul, like milk from the
breast.

Sail the ship of soul in the sea full of pearls,
Because if the ship is anchored,
It will rust and decay.

Go. Flow on the river of Abihayat ¹²¹
Where Hizir drank.
Flow there so soul will rejoice and say,
“Your soul becomes as pleasant as me.”

If the cupbearer doesn't make soul drunk
With those quick glasses,
You wouldn't know how many glasses of sorrows
Come to grieved souls.

You are my fresh tender life,
The architect of my soul.
Without your measure, souls would collapse.

Help comes from your soul
To the land of thought and imagination,
Just like these forms of the ordinary world
Are created by the whirling sky.

There are skies of souls
Beyond the seventh level of the sky
Where Saturn stays
Blessings come to the signs of the Zodiac
From those skies.

Help comes to the sign of earth,
Gifts to the sign of water, and heat to the sign of fire.
They all mature with the kindness of one donor.

The perceptions that are filled
With knowledge and understanding
Resemble the signs of the Zodiac.
The lightning of understanding of the mind
Also comes from soul.
Perception comes from soul, not from senses.

Pull up the water of meaning with the spiritual bucket,
Because meaning doesn't fit these ordinary words.

Two or three terci came together.
Soul rejoiced from the beginning, was spread open.
Bu I am afraid it may run away.
Quickly tie and cover it.

Serve that wine, because sorrow
Grabbed the soul in the fight.
Serve that wine, because there is
No remedy for love besides that red wine.

My arms and wings are tied because of that spell.
Offer the red wine so my wings will be untied.

I am like the whirling sky.
My soul is the sun.
I am like a ship full of old rubbish.
My feet are the sea.

You are looking and searching for me
With hundreds of favors, calling me with hundreds
Of secret words and secret signs every moment,
Pulling my ear and saying,
“O one who stands behind, come forward.”

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I have never seen a bird fly without wings.
I have never seen a ship that could sail without a sea.

What an unseen art you have had.
What unreachable fame you have had.
You have made such a glass in the sea of absence
That it could be seen everywhere.

You draw a beauty like orphan Jesus at heart.
Abu-Ali Sima¹²² becomes a donkey on ice
For understanding.

He is such an amazing beauty
That he has all the taste of this world.
O Muslims, who has ever seen salt that adores halva?

It is such beauty reflected on a wall at that moment
That the wall comes back to life
And starts seeing and talking.

Weren't the bricks of body enlivened
By the rise of the sun and its light's reflection?
What a bright light!
What a sun that adds Soul to soul!

The light of soul's sun reflects on every window.
Those particles on high move by the light of this sun.

What divine Wisdom!
Even gratitude prostrates in front of him.
In order to honor him, add one bend¹²³ to the other.

Bring a wine like the breath of Jesus
From the monk's house that will protect Jacob
From the eye of the *life taker*.

The light of every religion,
The remedy of every malaise
Offers new life with every breath
From the possession of illet-i ula.¹²⁴

He is the spring at the garden of Divine Wisdom.
He is the light in the darkness of loneliness,
The source of taste and comfort,
The order of heaven and Tuba.¹²⁵

He spills boredom on the ground,
Opens the discussion and keeps conversation going.
He is a peerless paradise
Who just appeared in this world.

Every Mani¹²⁶ made a new idol
At the body's imaginary world,
Full of houris and Satan.
But none of these idols resemble our beauty.

Since you have seen soul's soldier,
Come and find the sultan.
The soldier is a cloud. The sultan is the Moon.
Army is body, and sultan is soul.

O woman of the house, O self,
Don't put your head down on your knee.
This meaning won't become graceful by deceit.

O concerned cupbearer, warm this earth,
Because the lover has attempted to solve this claim
So many times with your words.

Give me that red wine.
Take me to Egypt, to Joseph's,
Because I am tired of this desert,
This quail, and this manna.

This entire world is worshipping an idol.
They all became drunk because of his shapes.
But the real idol is in the place
Where there is no *be* and no *te*.¹²⁷

Be silent.
Don't give from to this *be* and *te* with sorcery.
Let it go so the hand of Moses will throw the staff.

O bud, close your mouth.
You are a newborn baby on this road.
Be silent and hear the story of freedom
From the cypress and iris.

Fall and winter have all gone.
Spring is here, O heart.
The world is green, the rose is smiling.
The river is cheerful, O heart.

Winter has gone underground like Kaarun,¹²⁸
Like his oppression.
The iris has risen from the ground
Like a tempered sword, O heart.

Look at Gave's¹²⁹ flag.
Watch the thought of soul.
He reflects on every rose garden
Through the Beloved's face.
He shines on every rose garden, O heart.

When the smell of red roses,
Which the young admire, reach the old,
It will take their minds away, O heart.

An angel dresses Satan with His beauty.
The rose has come with so many favors
That the thorn has become confused, O heart.

Trees open their hands like the ones who pray.
The violet bends its head like a shy person, O heart.

Soul has given hundreds of pearls and coral
To this poor world.
“These will be my gift. Take this, take that,”
Said heart.

Keep walking slowly in the caravan
To reach the temple of the sultan
And enter the circle of his choice people, O heart.

Hold the skirt of the cupbearer like a drunk.
Since you are Sufi, don't remember the past, O heart.

If you want to listen to music,
Raise your head from the ground like a reed.
If you want to see the Beloved,
Don't eat opium at night, O heart.

God created people, gave them different talents.
I see thousands of masters,
Not an apprentice like you, O heart.

If you tell the tercî-bend,
I'll explain the expertise.
Get away from these words.
You are a gazelle. The valley is your place.



68.

Verse 786

The way of the ones who gamble
And lose all their belongings
Is Truth in the truth, O heart.
Kalender,¹³⁰ no doubt, is in full faith, O heart.

Someone with the help of a master
Can go to a new country every moment, O heart.

It takes you two days to reach one stage.
How can you be an expert of heart?
Yet, when he traverses the world
One side to other, one breath, O heart!

Since you have gone beyond the sky
And you have seen the sea full of blood,
Now watch that abstract Moon
In the land of absence, O heart.

The one who likes that way
Becomes a slave to that inclination.
His heart fills with pleasure.
What a beautiful soul that is, O heart.

When that soul reaches that boundary
And gives temporary soul to his maker,
A holy light comes to nature, an order to religion.

You have the heart of Shems of Tebriz.
Maybe you will learn something from him.
The secret that mixed with your heart
May be opened to you.



69.

Verse 793

Whoever wants to be tied up, come.
I will put a nice knot on him.
Even marble rock will come to life
With the knot of my master.

One day, I told the rose,
“What a beautiful smiling guide you are.”
The rose replied,
“Do you know, at least, why I am smiling?”

My beautiful sultan’s image smiled on my face
So that I became like that from lineage,
From son to son.

My sultan said I am life to every poor lifeless one.
I am also poor.
I trust this promise, I gave up life.

My heart yelled and cried,
“What is the value of your life?
Why do you make me obliged?
Who am I? Who are you?”

When a sultan who does so many favors says,
“You were a well full of mess.
I filled you with gold,”
If this makes you obliged, it is worth it.

Even if I didn't wear the belt of service,
He still gave me the throne of reason.
If I held and tied you to him,
Think what he could offer to you.

Love says, "I have a secret.
I'll tell you. You listen.
Accept this as a godsend. Find good fortune.
Neither do bad nor be separated from Him.
Otherwise, you will be desperate and sorry."

All the sultans praise their slaves
Because of their contentment.
Yet, the reason for the anger of my sultan
Is that I am content with His favors.

I spent the day sober,
But my community was full of drunks.
Hurry. Serve me that red wine.

Offer me a glass full of joy and peace,
So that I can show what has happened to me.
They ask my situation, like a drunk.

Don't resent my habit.
I talk too much.
Although I have lots of sugar,
I also have a world full of parrots.



70.

Verse 805

I tried to tell the situation of my heart as I know it.
Tears and blood of heart became rough.
I couldn't say it.

The other day I was talking about heart,
Saying a few words of odds and ends.
The glass of thought had narrowed.
Then I broke it like a small bottle.

Even big ships are wrecking,
Piece by piece, in this flood.
What's the value of my small boat?
In fact, I am handless and footless.

This boat is wrecked and scattered by waves.
Neither beauty nor ugliness remains.
I passed out of myself,
Quickly grabbed a piece of wood.

I am neither at the height nor depth,
But these words are not quite right.
Because sometimes, I ascend high with this wave,
And, at other times, I go to the bottom.

Do I exist or not? I don't know.
All I know is that if I exist, I am absent,
But if I am absent, I exist.

I have no doubt about rebirth.
I have died, with tears and crying,
A hundred times on the day of judgement,
Like perception,
And again, came back to life, like perception.

My lungs had been turned into blood
By the hand of the hunter in the valley
Until he hunted me. I am so happy.
I am saved since I became His game.

Reflection is like the forest
Where there are hundreds of wolves.
But why should I let this worry me?
I am drunk
Because of the One who gives reflection to man.

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I fell down first, where I was cut off.
Wherever I set a trap,
I have been caught in that trap.

They will laugh at one's imagination.
Who wants to buy a piece of straw,
Especially if he proudly curls his mustache in the
bargain?

What did you do at the end, O idiot?
You planted a rose bush in the stoke-hole.
You planted it,
But nothing grew in your rose garden,
Not even a leaf!
But I am wounded by the thorns.

I have to get out of this body like a rose.
I have reached the age of sixty,
But am still on the hook with Shin-Sin.¹³¹



Verse 818

We came to you.

We came to you and chose your love.

If it weren't for you, if we hadn't met you,

We wouldn't be in your valley.

We entered your house as a drunk,

Thanks to our God.

Your name is mentioned at our assembly.

The One who called you also called us.

We took old clothes off, O our guide.

We entered the mansion.

You kept your promise.

Your Cupbearer offered wine to us.

Hide the mansion.

Don't show a sign or trace of it.

But you are still the helper.

If one talks to you secretly,

You are the one who helps.

We drank and are satisfied,

Have found our remedy and hide like a secret.

All this is your favor and kindness.

It is impossible to reciprocate your kindness.



72.

Verse 823

Put your horse shoe at the top of the sky,
O my beautiful white horse.
That peerless, abstract Moon wrote a letter of
invitation.

Kevser¹³³ that cannot be contained by cups
Has flown to our side.
Tear the bag of the water carrier.
Throw stones and break the jar.

A beautiful gazelle came from the valley.
Such a gazelle, that the male lion
Was hitting it's tail on the hot sands in fear.

Today is like a holy day, my hodja.
We are all drunk.
The drum is drunk.
The drum is drunk,
Also the one who plays the drum.
He is out of himself, playing the drum.

Reason came forward, confused,
His finger in his mouth and said,
"Why can we recite the sure¹³⁴ of *distract you*¹³⁵
To the drunk and confused?"

They cannot find one wise one among us.
Everybody becomes crazy in the circle of insane ones.

One glass is better than a hundred houses,
Even if they are filled with gold.
I spill one glass to that lean body.

Drink love's wine nicely among the fasting ones.
The drunkenness of that wine is not the same
As other wines which cause you shame
And make you sneak home like a scorpion.

Keep drinking this cupless, jarless wine
That doesn't break fasting.
It is neither from the grape nor from wheat of barley.

This is not the wine you spill
On the head of the drunk to make him sober.
It is a fake wine.
Because of that, its tail stays short.¹³⁶

The camel came from the wine-filled tavern
With the wine jar loaded.
"Quit eating and sleeping," the glass yells,
"Get up! Get up!"

Close your mouth. Be confident.
Walk toward the Kaabe of silent ones.
Don't look at a camel or any other animal
Because of that drunkenness.



73.

Verse 835

What kind of sultan stays with me in my inner
life?

You don't know that.

Don't look at my gold-yellow face.

I have feet like iron.

I turn my face entirely to the sultan
Who brought me here.

I have earned thousands of *bravos*

From the One who created me.

Sometimes I resemble the sun,
At other times, a sea full of pearls.
I have the greatness of the sky inside.
In appearance I am modest like the earth.

I keep turning around the hive
Of this universe like a monkey bee.
Never mind my wails. I have hives full of honey.

O heart, if you want us,
Ascend above the dome of sky.
My castle is such a mansion
That I have the security of all secured ones.

How majestic is this water that turns the sky.
I am a wheel for that water.
That's why my moaning is so soft.

Giants are under my control.
So are the people, as well as djinn, as you see.
I wonder if I am Solomon?
Is there writing on my ring?

Why should I wither?
Every part of me is open, refreshed.
Why should I be a slave to the donkey?
There is a Burak¹³⁷ under my saddle.

Why shouldn't I catch the Moon?
The scorpion hasn't bitten my feet.
I have a strong rope.
Why shouldn't I get out of this well?

I built a house for soul's pigeons.
Fly this way, O bird of soul.
I have hundreds of strong towers.

I am sunshine if I reflect on houses.
I was born from mud, but I am agate, gold and garnet.

Whenever you see a pearl,
Look for another one inside,
Because every particle keeps saying,
"I have a treasure inside me."

Every pearl tells you,
"Don't think my beauty is enough.
The light that shines on my forehead
Comes from the candle inside me."

I keep silent.

You don't have a mind to understand.

Don't shake your ears saying;

"I have soul's eye that sees and comprehends."

Don't fool yourself.



74.

Verse 849

As you know, I will cease to exist without You.
Even absence accepts existence.
Yet, I have become worse than that.

When I am separated from that Joseph,
I will go to the land of grief.
I will be a peer of a bad idea, a friend of regrets.

When I am in charge of security
At the Sultan's city,
I will turn around as a guard, like the Moon.
For the thief of sorrow, I become pain,
I change into a bigger ailment for every disease.

When I enter the Garden of Eden,
I tie the neck of grief
And pull him all around like a camel.
I don't let him taste anything but thorns.

If this discretion makes me a camel,
I'll become His pilgrim's camel
And carry the weight of that harem.

I am under that harsh command.
Sometimes I became the caravan master,
Sometimes the camel.
Sometimes I play the drum.
Sometimes I am the handle of the flag.

I am either the drum player or the drum.
As long as I am in the army of that hero,
Why should I worry about these color changes?
At the end, I am one of the Sultan's men.

I teach dancing to the bear of reason,
Then bring it to the assembly of beauties.
When they watch him, I also watch them
And enjoy it from that opportunity.

I resemble a candle.
I show everything without telling.
Don't think crooked. I see and show everything.

Love says, "O sober one,
Accept this wine that I serve like a godsend.
Drink and be drunk. O hungry ones, we feed you.
O one whose nose doesn't get the smell,
We made you well."¹³⁸

We thank for the blessings of our master.
Our master deserves that.
There is no end to that pleasure.
That glass doesn't break.

O my master, you have good luck,
Live only with goodness.
Rejoice that I, also, will be exalted.¹³⁹

O beauty who resembles soul,
Your face gives life to death like Jesus.
Even if I am unjustly blamed,
Your goodness will be enough.¹⁴⁰

How are you in silence? How are you at frowning?
I keep silent. I frown like that
Just so he will ask me,
“Am I your beauty? Keep telling me.”



75.

Verse 863

I saw a tree made of fire.
A voice came, saying, "O my dear beloved!"
That fire was calling me.
I wonder if I am the son of Imran, Moses.¹⁴¹

I fell into trouble and went to the desert.
I ate manna with quail.
I have turned around this desert
For forty years, like Moses.

Don't keep asking about a boat and sea.
Come and see amazing things.
I have kept sailing for many years
On this barren land.

Come O my soul. You are Moses.
This body is your staff.
If you hold your body, I'll make it a staff.
If you throw it, I'll make it a dragon.¹⁴²

You are Jesus. I am your bird.
When you make a bird from the mud
And blow your breath in it,
I will fly to the heights immediately.¹⁴³

I am the pole of that mosque.
The prophet used to lean against me.
If he leans somewhere else,
I'll start crying because of the separation.

The Master of masters, the One who makes shapes,
But is devoid of shape and form!
What form, what shape will you be giving me?
Only you know. I don't.

Sometimes I am stone, at others iron.
Then the time comes when I become fire.
I am a scale without weight.
Sometimes I am the weight for the scale.

Sometimes I spread and pasture here.
Sometimes they spread and pasture on me, eat me.
Sometimes I am the wolf. Sometimes I am the sheep.
At other times I appear as a shepherd.

There is no trace, no sign of Heyula.¹⁴⁴
Trace and signs are not eternal.
Neither this nor that remains.
Only He knows me. I am He.



76.

Verse 873

I keep laughing like hundreds of lightning strikes.
I praise Him.
I am clear and pure like the sky,
Turning around the Moon.

I have a knot on my tongue, like Moses.¹⁴⁵
My lisping is from the fear
That pharaoh from Pharaoh
Will get news from my evidence.

Tie my hands if you find me in the pharaoh's army,
Because I am the Sultan's spy.

I am neither the Archangel Gabriel nor a spy.
I am clearly a secret from God's secret.
Let me go while you are talking.
I will fly away.

A wind is coming from wine,
The wine that raises men,
Especially the kind
That takes me all over the places.

If a smell comes to the devout of the world
From this wine,
What ruin would that be?
What can I say? I don't know.

Never mind my name.

If a smell comes to the rock and marble from the drunks,
The rock and marble will start talking.

They'll say, "I am Ab-i hayat."¹⁴⁶

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My body turned into a bachelor's room.

All the drunks are gathered there.

My heart has become confused and wonders

If I am one of them, or if they are me.

Either I am from their race or separate.

I don't know. All I know is,

I am in the roses and sweet basils.



77.

Verse 882

Beloved, I kept turning, lifeless,
While you were away from me.
Since you started to turn me,
I keep turning around you.

My fragrance is as nice as the garden of union.
I keep running in the river like clean, pure water.
Since there is kindness and favor in every part of me,
I keep turning with that kindness, that favor.

A nice work is left for me.
What a nice work!
I blow through like a beautiful spring breeze.

Never mind His garden and meadow
That I didn't sell for a hundred souls.
I became a ball at His square.
I keep turning around that place.

The one who is not accepted
Will get tired after a while.
I am from the Prophet's family.¹⁴⁷
I keep running after the sultan.

Why am I drunk? I'll tell you.
I have received the fragrance of your ruby lips.
The pickax of love is in my hand.
I keep turning around the mine.

I am the secret chemistry of soul.
Never mind soul, never mind the heart.
I won't turn around bread like a mill stone.

I resemble glass in this world.
I keep turning from one hand to the other
At the circle of the drunks.



78.

Verse 890

As you remembered, I drank wine at one quarter
And pawned my shoes and turban.
This heart grabbed my neck and pulled me there,
To the quarter of the Beloved.

I held his hair when I passed out of my mind.
I have been attracted by the curl of his hair.

If this hundreds-of-years-old wine
Is served in every breath and my strange mind,
I wonder what will happen to me?

He says, "Hide your head.
You will be saved from that kind of drunkenness.
O Muslims, how could my secret
Be hidden under those conditions?"

That beauty asks me,
"Is it better if the lover is annihilated?"
O my beauty, why are you rushing me?
I am going that way in the end.

How beautifully I am crying, like spring clouds,
And at the same time laughing.
How beautifully I am drunk because of that wine
That takes me away from me,
Sometimes keeps me sober.

If Kafdag¹⁴⁸ knew
About my deceitful beloved's ruby lips,
You would see that it would fly
Like the phoenix with his love.

I am folded double like the sky
With Shems of Tebriz' love.
Don't strike the plectrum so hard,
So my strings won't break.



79.

Verse 898

I am from the land of loftiness.
I don't belong to this world.
I am from neither water nor earth.
I have no business with people.

The sky is full of stars, the sea with pearls.
There is musk and ambergris in the valley.
I gave up all of them.

You tell me, "Be nice to me. Be our friend."
Yet, He told me, "Don't be steady with anyone."
I don't accept you as a friend anyway.

His favor's nanny nourished me
With the milk of His kindness.
I am the drunk of that milk.
What is Zamzam?¹⁴⁹ I am not even aware of it.

The mind also wants to drink that wine
Which adds soul to souls,
And longing ones gamble their lives for it.
But I don't make them confidants.

I am even tired of joys.
How could I have sorrow?
There is no one who is beautiful and cheerful
Besides heart's Beloved for me.

I fast for everything,
But that wine resembles bairam.
I am such a cypress
That I don't have one leaf of sorrow.

I have fallen in the river, devoid of color and smell.
I don't care for salve because of the pleasure
Of the wound He opened on me.

Considerer day and night as two horses,
Black and white.
I don't ride either the black or the white.

Lovers have other roads
Besides the roads of day and night.
I am not interested in the road under this old sky.

In the garden of love there are birds
That fly to the land of absence.
I am Solomon for them,
But I don't care for the ring.

I am Jesus, with a beautiful smile.
The world came to life with me. I belong to God.
I have nothing to do with Mary.

I heard this word from love
After I made silence a habit for myself:
Say, "O love, when I talk with the beloved,
I don't use *no* and *why*."¹⁵⁰



80.

Verse 911

*A*re you the Sun, Venus or the Moon? I don't know.
What do you want from this insane one?
I don't know.

There is beauty and favor in His abstract temple.
What kind of valley? What kind of green?
What temple?
I don't know.

The stars are all around You
As beauties of the threshing floor of the Milky Way.
What kind of canopy, I don't know.

Because of your face,
Our soul turned into a rose garden
Filled with violets, narcissus and iris.
Your Moon lightened our way.
What kind of company are you?
I don't know.

What a beautiful endless sea
With its heart full of fish.
I haven't seen such a sea.
Neither have the fish. What kind of fish?
I don't know.

The royalty of people is like a fable.
It is as banal as a big pearl
In the assembly of the sultan.
I don't know any sultan of sultans
Besides the immortal Sultan.

What a great sun you are,
That every particle of yours says something.
Are you the light of God's essence, or are you God?
I don't know.

The soul of a thousand Jacobs are burning
Because of that beauty.
O Joseph of beauties, why are you in that well?
I don't know.

Be silent.
You are emerging from one color to the other
Because of chewing those words.
One moment you say *hay*, the next you say *hi*.
Then you make sighs. Why is this?
I don't know.

I'll keep silent.
I am drunk with the opium I swallowed.
I am so drunk that I cannot differentiate
Soberness from drunkenness
By passing out of myself.



81.

Verse 921

I don't know.
I don't know these nine levels of sky.
I don't know this magician painter.

"Don't go in every direction," you say.
"You are the master, come this way."
I don't know.
I don't know that way to absence.

He constantly grabs my neck,
Makes me utterly confused.
I don't know.
I don't know this bad-mannered, charming beauty.

I have a soul that is fond of music.
I can't live without music.
I don't know.
I don't know this music-loving soul.

I see a lion, that world is like a herd of gazelles
In front of him.
But I don't know this lion.
I don't know these gazelles.

The torrent carries me off to the river.
But I don't know this torrent.
I don't know this river.

I have been lost in the village
And at the bazaar like a child.
I don't know this village.
I don't know this bazaar.

One friend says,
"The bad-mouth ones are talking bad about you."
I don't know. I don't know the good-mouth ones.
I don't know the bad-mouth ones.

Earth resembles a woman. The sky is her husband.
Earth eats her babies like a cat.
But I don't know this wife.
I don't know this husband.

That beauty in the land of absence
Is making a sign with his eyebrow
Like, "I don't know the looks of the eye
And the sign of the brow."

I am Jacob. He is Joseph.
My eye is bright with his smell.
I don't know the origin of that smell,
But my eyes are enlightened by it.

If the word frowns, it still smiles
Like a Moon on my face, because
I don't know anyone but that Moon-faced master.

Arrows come from the hands and arms
Of the omnipotence every moment.
But I don't know the arm. I don't know the hand.

I have fallen into such a kitchen
That soul has been burned; so has heart.
From now on, I don't know that spoiled meal.
I don't know.

I want such a bakery that its round bread
Resembles the circle of the Moon.
I don't know this bread. I don't know the scale.

I break the lines like a hero.
I am out of childhood. I don't know the nurse.
I don't know the nanny.

You are saying,
"Don't keep looking at these six sides.
Fly to the side of absence. Come this way."
But I don't know this side. I don't know.

Be silent. How long will you be looking for gossip?
I know neither gossip nor the real words
That come out of the mouth.

I have good news from the Sultan of sultans.
I don't know Bacu,¹⁵¹
I don't recognize Batu.¹⁵²

At last, I have secret medicine from Calinos.¹⁵³
I don't know this back pain. I don't know.

I have such an ailment that even Calinos
Doesn't know about it.
I don't know the remedy for this sickness.

Go away, O evening. Don't scatter your hair.
I don't know anything but that curly black hair.

Go away, O rose-faced morning.
How rosy your sun is.
I don't know anything
But the light that comes from Him.

Go away, O somber vineyard.
Go away, O cible,¹⁵⁴ go away with your taste.
I don't know anything
Besides that wine, that meze.¹⁵⁵

If hundreds of arrows are thrown at me
From the catapult of the sky,
I still don't know any fortress, any towers
But those fortresses, those towers.

I have so many Rum-faced beauties,
So many secret Turks,
It wouldn't be important if I didn't know Hulagu, ¹⁴⁶
If I didn't recognize him.

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Ask about Hulagu from Turkish beauties.
I have fallen into such confusion
That I don't know Hulagu. I don't know.

I don't know that hand. I don't know that arm.
But my heart flies like an arrow, and my body
Resembles a bow that creaks as it stands.

Give up the alphabet of Indians.
Look at the meaning of Turks.
I am such a Turk that I don't know Indians.
I don't know.

Come, O Shems of Tebriz,
Don't be stone-hearted with me.
When I am with you,
I don't know either stone or pearl.



82.

Verse 951

There is no resistance for His love
In my handleless, footless heart.
I have turned insane.
I chew the end of my chain day and night.

I am in blood.
I am afraid that I will lose myself
And smear His image with blood when He comes.

All specters in the world know how to swim,
But if I open this road,
They will be submerged in blood and drown.

I have fallen into such a torrent that
If Mecnun asks for a trace of Leyla,
I'll show hundreds of traces. I'll give hundreds of signs.

My heart, which has been torn to pieces,
Keeps turning like the stars at night,
My sleep has gone because of the love
Of my sovereign Beloved.

Ask the fairies about the nights
Of this crying, burning lover.
My feet are touching fairies.
When I walk in the dark, I step on them.

My soul doesn't rest if I rest for one moment.
When I am not resting,
That's the time my soul is at rest and in peace.

Let me wear a dress made of fire like the sun,
And I will shine
And adorn the whole world with that fire.

The sun keeps burning in the sky every moment.
At the same time,
It gives thanks because it deserves His burning.

Let me melt down like the Moon with His sorrow.
If I don't melt like the Moon,
I won't increase and become a full Moon.



83.

Verse 961

I am such a person
That I keep making idols with His image.
But when the time of union comes,
I destroy them all.

Since He became a heart for me,
Why should I be fooled by Abu-Ali?¹⁵⁷
Since He showed His beauty to me,
Why should I be attracted to Abu-Hasan?¹⁵⁸

He appears to me in two forms.
He becomes a candle, and at other times a beauty.
I resemble a mirror for the second one.
For the first one I become a basin.

I have an obligation.
I will give my life to His love.
But I don't want to be tried because of His wishes.
I won't wait for this.

My dungeon is the well where Joseph stays.
How lucky is the day that my soul
Is thrown into the dungeon.
I will be jailed there.

His hand will be the rope
To pull out the one who is in the well.
When my feet are tied,
I will clap my hands with joy.

He says to me, "Why are you crying
Because love has waylaid you on your road?
How lucky is that caravan
That I am a brigand on this road."

I resemble a harp.
If you want to know when I play
Appreciate the time when I say *Ten-tenem*.

Nobody but God knows when my talented beloved
Strikes his plectrum to my string of insanity.

I dance and tap my feet with him.
There's no concern in me
About falling under the feet of sorrow.
I am in the arms of my beautiful Beloved.
Bitterness can't come close to me.

Why should I stay in this world?
I have more than a hundred worlds.
My meat is already roasted.
I don't need a fan.

My soul became the pigeon for love's pigeon owner.
I have seen my own sign.
Why should I stay in the body?

Sometimes I fight with myself,
Sometimes I am out of myself.
At other times I am totally confused.
But when my rose-colored beloved comes,
Why should I be in any of these conditions?

There is no cover for soul in His love's bath.
I am not a picture in the bath house.
Why should I stay in the show case?

Be silent, O talking heart. I will become a drifter.
With fires all over town,
How can I stay in the town?

I will become the star of Süheyl,¹⁵⁹
Born from the side of Yemen.
Either I stay in this country or out of body.



84.

Verse 977

I came here to be the head of lovers.
I am the son of love,
But my existence goes far back, before my father's.

Almond oil comes from almonds.
But the soul knows. It says, "I am before the tree."

Even the one who accepts that appearance is truth
Says, "Angels worship Adam."
O idiot, how could you think
I am only this small body?

I used to keep turning around like Mercury
In your palm.
I will stay in the arms of the mine, like gold,
For some time.

I am like soul, like love.
They are hidden, and at the same time,
Apparent in the body.
I am also secret and obvious.
I am secret while I am wide open
And at other times, I am like a belt on the waist.

I have such love in the Beloved's hair,
Which is divided in the middle,
That sometimes I get in the curl of it,
And sometimes I count the curls.

Centuries will pass after my death.
Still my stories will be told among lovers at night.
My fables will be listened to.

My secret Beloved
Wants me to stay secret like himself.
Otherwise I would appear like the Moon
Out of contrariness to the ones
Who are hidden at night.

Sky tells me,
“I will carry you on my head like the Moon.”
I say, “You are talking nicely, but ask first if I exist.

Even if the coast became paradise,
The fish wouldn't care.
First, I mention His honey,
Then I indulge in the sugar.

If you differentiate me from that beauty
On the day of union,
It means that beauty is one and I am someone else.

You will burn me to ashes
If I catch fire from every fire.
My water would be dried up
If I got wet from every torrent.

Even angels lose their arms and wings
In the land of absence,
Where our Shems of Tebriz resides.
How can I stay there as a human?



85.

Verse 990

I will be sad if you give me less grief.
If you pour sorrow and trouble over my head,
I will be embraced by the joy of troubles.

Your grief won't let me grieve.
Your air won't let me become wet soil,
Turned into mud.

Your sorrow
Holds the particles of this world together.
But I want to be submerged in this sorrow
All by myself.

The trouble that you create
Becomes the remedy to my trouble.
You raise such a dust
That it becomes salve to my eyes.

Show a reason to one
That is worth giving his life for.
Show a dress to a tailor
That he would be amused.

The sickness you give prevents other diseases.
Your treasure saves me from poverty.

Your morning makes it impossible
For me to light a candle.
Your clear being makes my evidence absurd.

The image that comes in front of me
Covers your image.
If I shed his blood, it is permissible for me.

I burn the image of two worlds with your love.
When I became Cigil's¹⁶⁰ candle,
Both moths will be burned out.

Be silent.
Tell very little about your situation.
When I have so many appetizers,
Why should I have to move from here to there?



86.

Verse 1000

*A*ll falcons admire my flying.
Have you ever seen a pigeon like me?
I am looking for a falcon for hunting.

Before birds fly, first they open their wings.
I must be steel, because I fly from the head.

Don't open your mouth untimely,
Afraid of my tongue.
Even if your tongue is gold, pull it,
Because I am scissors for gold.

Suet¹⁶¹ says to the boil,
"There is a knife inside of me.
If it starts caressing you,
You can be sure I'll open you, O abscess.

First, I will be rubbed gently on you,
Just to make you feel secure.
But later when I split you open,
You will understand my talent."

Don't talk right now.
You are an abscess not yet ready to be opened.
When the time comes that you are ripe,
Then I'll take care of you.

What pus did you catch from us
That your eyes are infected?
What do you say to the eye of suet
To be applied tomorrow?

Take the bow of words from me.
It keeps sending arrows of grief.
I am afraid to hurt myself with drunkenness.

There is such creative power
From Shems of Tebriz's fire,
That when You come to understand this burning,
You will be freed from this world
Which is made by fire.



87.

Verse 1009

Come. Hear and learn.
Why did I turn around, back and forth,
In front of your horse? When you ride,
I am dust to the horseshoes of your horse.

You grant me mercy from regrets.
But you neither told me anything
Nor blew on my face.
My beautiful peerless Jesus!
My glorious esteemed beauty!

You gave me revenue from just such lips
That who could know the vastness of my sky?
Where is my expenditure?

I have seen Your generosity, Your gift,
So that I have been annihilated in Your Being.
I have been covered by such colors
That I am like a rose in Your garden.

You are a generous David.¹⁶²
You make armor out of iron.
I also belong to that armor.
That is why I am out of the cold and heat.

Your beauty has invaded my existence like an army,
But I was already left for reasoning.
I am neither concerned about pursuing
Nor about being pursued.

Be silent. There was endless wine here.
I drank the one which was pure and clear.
I drank the one with sediment.
Because both of them were drinkable wines for me.



88.

Verse 1016

It was untimely. I was scared.
I begged my beauty's pardon.
"I saw you on time also," he answered.

I said, "O admirable beauty,
Since you saw me, act like you didn't see me."
He said, "I liked your faults with my grace."

I said, it was all my fault.
But you are still in my heart.
He answered, "It is me who did it.
I have never left your heart."

I said, "Separation drank my blood.
Hear the cries of the ones who are separated."
He answered,
"Even if this is the trap of our kindness,
I am the One who set this trap for you."

"Just like Joseph," he said, "He saved Benjamin¹⁶³
From the enemy with tricks.
Although they accuse you,
I am the one who stole the glass."
He said it like that.

I said, "Day has passed.
Time is late. The road is far."
He answered, "It is far, but look at me.
Don't look for the road. I will fold it."

What is timeliness and untimeliness
In front of that power?
I crafted secret things with those reasons.

Even if you bring
All the intelligence of creatures together,
They cannot understand the secret of My kindness.
Only the mind we choose will understand that.



89.

Verse 1024

You keep turning around the heart.
I know what you will do. I know.
You will turn heart into blood.
You will make faces completely pale.

You started this game
And took away all the belongings of heart.
What will you get from this game?
I know that.

You wounded my heart with only one look,
Threw it on the fire and burned it.
I see you are going to cook and eat it.

Ask about my burning
For the sake of my tears and cold sighs.
As you see, I am not aware of the difference
Between hot and cold,

My chest caught fire. My heart is burning.
Your shirt caught fire too,
But there is a difference from burning to burning,
Smoke to smoke and trouble to trouble.

I say to my heart, "Endure like the brave."
My heart answers, "I can't differentiate
Man from woman because of sorrow.
If I do, I will be neither man nor woman."

O heart, you raise dust with every breeze.
But you don't say
I can raise dust bravely at the sea.

Heart answered me,
"That Moon plays a game of odd or even."
But if I could differentiate odd from even,
I would be the infidel who says, "God is even."

When He plays backgammon,
He throws dice ses-ping.¹⁶⁴
I would tell if I knew this game.
I would become a mat¹⁶⁵ to sorrow.



90.

Verse 1033

Heart, I long for union.
I am lonely, I am in love, and I am drunk.
All I want is union.
I gathered all my belongings.
Here they are in my bale.

You are Kible to the whole world.
I don't turn from Kible.
Wherever I am, I turn my face to that Kible.
I turn there.

When my soul is in my body, it would be impossible
For me to go on a road other than yours.
Beloved, I came out of the land of absence
With your love.

I would deserve the gallows
If I thought of someone besides you.
My hand would be cut if I held someone else's skirt.

Wherever I go without you,
I am an alphabet without meaning.
I open both my eyes like *he*.
I settle down to love like *shin*.¹⁶⁶

Even if I am *he* or *shin*,
I have lost my mind, reason and intelligence.
Reason and intelligence want to gather
Pieces together to make the whole.
Yet, my pieces are all dispersed and gone.

Because of their misgivings,
All the world and the people in the world
Have lost their way and their faith.
Yet, I have been saved from my own wickedness
By the grace of such magnificent love.

This heart is pure and clean.
Because of that, it ascended to the height of love.
I am such a lover
That because of the turbidity of mud,
I remain in this ground.

His specter did such a beautiful kindness
That I knelt down at his feet.
I hurt the feet of his specter with my lips.

I washed my hands from the words.
I am purified from reason.
Events came, one after the other,
So that I broke my ablution of repentance.



91.

Verse 1043

I did pilgrimage like the pilgrims.
I kept turning around the Beloved.
I don't have the disposition of a dog.
I don't turn around carcasses.

I put the gardener's fork on my shoulder.
I keep turning around the thorn,
In order to gather a bunch of dates.

But not the kind that increases bile
And makes sputum.
When I eat them, I grow arms and wings
And fly round-and-round like Tayyar.

The world is like a snake.
Treasure is buried underneath.
I am above that treasure.
I am turning above like a snake that keeps curling.

In fact, I am not after food,
Even though I am immersed in thought.
I keep turning like a bird of Bu-Timor¹⁶⁷
Around that house.

I have neither a house in the village,
Nor oxen, nor a well-fed herd.
But I am the drunk of the village master.
I keep turning around him.

I am the companion of Hizir.
I am waiting for his return every moment.
I dig my feet into the ground.
I feel dizzy. I resemble a compass.

Don't you know I am sick and looking for Calinos?¹⁶⁸
Don't you see that I am drunk
And keep turning around the tavern keeper?

Don't you know I am the phoenix,
Flying around Kafdag?
Don't you know I smell fragrant
And run around the rose garden?

Don't consider me human like the others.
Accept me as a specter who runs around.
If I am not a specter,
Why should I turn secret things?

Why don't I stop and rest,
Instead of getting involved with everybody?
Because that beloved made me crazy,
Made me drunk.
I keep running around, limping and swaying.

"Don't walk awkwardly like that.
It is disrespectful," you say.
I am ashamed of respect.
That's why I am turning around disrespect.

Bread is the pretext.
I am the drunk of the baker.
It is not money and wealth.
I turn around beauty.

I see the painter in every painting
That comes in front of me.
I turn around like Mecnum with the love of Leyla.

There is no head that fits in the tent of the ones
Who use their heads all the time.
Yet, my head is already dizzy. I have an excuse.
I kept turning without a turban.

I am not the moth who throws itself into the fire
And breaks an arm and a leg.
I am the sultan's moth that turns around the light.

Why do you say, "silence," and bite you lip?
I turn around words.
That is also because of you, because of your deceit.

Come, O Shems of Tebriz,
Why do you run away like the colors of the sunset?
I also follow your sun,
Running around those countries like a sunset.



92.

Verse 1061

I swear by your face
That I've never seen a face like that.
Where is that beauty I hear about from the people?
Where are You? You don't resemble that.

Such a garden in this world
Neither has grown nor will be grown.
I neither awaken nor gather fruit in my dreams.

I must receive not a father's,
But hundreds of prophets' prayers
In order to reach such glory, such a kingdom.

I heard the sky saying once,
"I am burning with your sorrow.
My back is bent from whirling."
That's because of the greatness of this burning.

Thought tells me, "I have learned so many skills
From His love that I have become
A lock with the Beloved's justice
And the key with His kindness.

Every particle that puts a mirror
In front of Him says,
"I got this by giving my life to the mirror maker."

Who is that peerless beauty?
That peerless beauty is such a He
That all others called *he* are only a smell from Him.
When I stay away from Him, I turn into Yezid.¹⁶⁹
When I get close to him, I become Beyazid.¹⁷⁰

I asked the sugar cane,
"Who filled you with sugar?"
He pointed up to You and said,
"I tasted His smell and became like that."

I asked soul,
"Why did you hide your face like a bud?"
He said,
"I was ashamed because of the beauty of His face,
So I closed my eyes."

I said to this old world,
"You bind us, and at the same time, advise us."
He answered me,
"I am Pir,¹⁷¹ and at the same time, Murid."¹⁷²

The earth has hundred of tongues for freedom
And gives its thanks.
"From that beautiful soul,
From that beautiful universe,
I keep becoming more beautiful."

Spring came like a peacock,
With thousands of colors in its tail, saying,
"I am coming from His garden of beauty
To this side."

It said, "I brought wine for souls to enjoy.
I brought flowers, medicine and majun¹⁷²
For the sick ones."

One night that deceitful love came to this slave
And said, "I cooked bulamac¹⁷⁴ for you."

He brought such a bulamac
That I lost the end of the string.
I broke the needle at that time, I tore my collar.

When I eat his bulamac, he crushes me like garlic.
I frown like a salt shaker,
Because I quit eating that sugar.

I acquired only a skewer from that bulamac,
But I became like the skewer from the things
That I expected to benefit me.

A different rose has bloomed from every leaf
Because of that bulamac.
Every garden is filled with flowers,
Saying, "Here, we have all bloomed."

When the flower goes,
Fruit comes and says, "Find existence in absence,"
Then adds, "I appear from the unseen."

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The lover's growth and development
Come after his emaciation.
I feed you now because I'll sacrifice you later.

When the time comes to melt and emaciate,
Nothing will help.
No wonder I choose to melt down with sorrow.

Cry, O ney, cry like a shrill pipe.
Cry also shrill pipe,
Wail because of our fiery breath.

Don't expect any more words from me.
Go to the green garden.
Feed yourself from my green garden.



93.

Verse 1084

He frowns, is very angry.
I've never seen such a beauty.
I am crazy, insane from his spells,
Have become drunk from his stories.

Beloved, I have seen many beauties,
But never such a Beauty. I am attached to you.
You are all I have. I have gone from myself.

All night long I was lost, scattered,
In such a shape that only you know.
But now I have become a different shape
Because of confusion.

Hold my hands.
Have my heart jumped.
I used to belong to earth,
But you forced me to get out of earth.



94.

Verse 1088

My moon-faced beauty came.
 Who am I that I can say *mine*?
 Every thorn became a rose because of him.
 How can I remain jasmine?

Every stone turned into honey.
 Why does wax remain?
 All bodies changed into souls.
 Why has mine become obstinate?

When that running water comes,
 Every eye becomes a river.
 As long as he has this coy beauty,
 Why should I be attached to Abu-l Hasan?¹⁷⁵

I was under the basin like a candle.
 But I am lit, have turned to fire.
 Why should I stay under the basin?

Since I am free from the curse of Saturn,
 Why should I stay under the sky?
 Since trouble turned into glory,
 Why should I be tried?

Even envy envies me. Whom should I envy?
 Since I am drunk with the river of wine,
 Why should I become thirsty?
 Should my lips stay dry?



95.

Verse 1094

I lost the game that fate was playing.
I became checkmated. I became checkmated.
Don't punish me, O my Sultan.
Don't do what I did.

My heart is filled with such love
That His sun shines in my heart.
I am either turned to Mihrab¹⁷⁶
Or at the corner of the tavern.

Look at the fate of this broken heart.
It doesn't like mercy to come here. Come to my aid.
I am in a sea of trouble and calamity.

That sultan came walking by,
Swaying from side to side.
Everything is haram¹⁷⁷ for me besides him.
I am poor and lonely, even when I am in paradise,
If I separate from him.

His face is what I need.
The moon and Pervin¹⁷⁸ are no use to me.
I want his hair that resembles the night.
Why do I need evening, land of Damascus?

I become free when I drink wine from his hand,
Ascend above the sky
When I kiss the ground at his temple.

This happiness I received from Shems of Tebriz,
So that all other happiness
Would prostrate in front of that happiness.



Verse 1101

I don't have a heart that doesn't appreciate
beauty.

Why should I run away from the Beloved?

The dagger in my hand is a good one.

Why should I turn my face from battle?

I am such a board that the carpenter

Has much to do with me.

I have never become helpless from the adze,

Nor have I run away from the nail.

I am not myself like wood,

Never got an idea besides the adze's.

If I run away from the carpenter,

I deserve to be burned in fire.

If I become hard like stone,

I progress less towards becoming ruby.

If I run away from cave's friend,

I become small and dark like the cave.

If I am afraid to become leafless,

I won't be able to kiss the peach.

If I run away from the Tartar,

I can't smell the scent of the Tartar's musk.

I am hurt by myself.
For this reason, I cannot fit into myself.
I am in such a place
That I cannot even fit in my head;
Never mind my turban.

If I miss this opportunity now,
It will take thousands of centuries
To reach this glory again.

I am neither sick nor out of shape.
Why should I run away from beauties?
I don't have an upset stomach.
Why should I stay away from the tavern keeper?

Since I don't ride a donkey,
I will be the last in the square.
Since I am not a farmer,
Why should I run away from the village head?

I keep telling my heart, "Go easy now.
I am submerged in golden treasure."
It replies, "Why should I be afraid of charity?"



97.

Verse 1111

*A*s long as I have the power to talk, my work is to pray.
It is up to You to accept the prayers.

My prayers keep turning around Your ear.
Like moths around a candle.
That's why my prayers are burned
Like the wings of a moth.

In order to have You come and visit,
I put book over book and page under page
At the library of my need and my desire.

How can I fit my head into the sky
So all favors and kindness are granted to that head?
My heart is full of joy and keeps saying,
"I have the sorrow of the one who breaks dawn."¹⁷⁹

Thought moves with every breeze,
But my roots are together,
Just like the roots of the lotus tree.



Verse 1116

“Why are you sorry
 If you lose your profit, your capital?
 Here I am. See my generosity?
 Don't fall in despair,”¹⁸⁰ I said.

If the world disappears
 And the sea becomes a drop of dew, who cares?
 If it passes out and drops to the ground,
 That doesn't mean it gets out of my hand.

The world is a fish. Absence is an ocean.
 There are so many fights in the heart of fish,
 But I fish without a line.
 Even if it disappears, I still catch it.



99.

Verse 1119

O night breeze, bring news from Shemseddin.
He is my master.
You are the only one
Who knows the secrets of Shemseddin.

He is such a person that with his name
You can pass through the ocean without a ship.
With his love you can go in Shemseddin's fire.

I swear in the name of God
That the miracles people boast about
Are the ones Shemseddin considers a shame.

There is a cave where inside
Divine inspiration is hidden.¹⁸¹
God is the guard outside.
Shemseddin is inside.

First you gave up body and soul,
Then tore the curtain of love.
After that, you watched Shemseddin's bazaar,
Which is hundreds of stages away.

O my soul, run around the paradise of love,
Sparkling and flashing.
Keep flying at the heaven of secrets
With the light of Shemseddin.

There are pearl earrings in my ears
From Shemseddin's sugar-scattering words
That resemble divine inspiration.

O heart, the wine of His union
Will be good to you in such a place;
But don't give trouble.
Don't bother Shemseddin.

The eye would be better and brighter
If it obtained the thorn
From the ground on which Shemseddin steps.

O heart, he has thousands of others crying for him
Besides you.
Don't be puffed up thinking you are the only one.

He did a favor for you when he let you hold
The halter of his camel for a short time.
Otherwise, who could dare be a friend
To Shemseddin?

There is so much difference
Between the last year I prostrated
And the last year that I said Shemseddin was here.

Only Shemseddin's way, rule and favor
Will be able to help the troubles
Of the world and religion.

O heart, there is no morning for your dark evening.
You'll never see daylight.
But if Shemseddin's face rises,
You can see with that light.

I wonder if there will come a day
When I will drink the glass of union,
Become drunk and say,
"What a tavern keeper was Shemseddin!"

My fortune has slept so deeply
That it doesn't know awareness.
It seems that only Shemseddin's awakened fortune
Could wake it up.

There is nobody like Shemseddin
Who is able to read the book of secrets.
Nobody like him has come before,
And nobody like him will come after.

Shemseddin put a nail in the door of possibility
With his wonderful disposition
In order to prevent anybody similar to him
From ever coming.

There is a soul's river where all souls found soul.
Shemseddin controls and owns that river.

I made it very clear
To the top and bottom of this community
That Shemseddin
Is above all good people and saints.

If he calls me, if I reach his kindness,
My soul will come back to life with his favors.

Shemseddin doesn't care
For much acknowledgment. Even so,
My heart has written acknowledgment once more,
Thousands of rolls of confession papers.

My heart has found many, many blessings.
They cost very little.
The kindness of Shemseddin
Is sending rain clouds to them.

O Tebriz,
Greetings to you and the one who lives in you.
First, ask his pardon, then tell of my longing,
My sorrow at this separation.



100.

Verse 1143

Since I knelt down at my beauty's feet
With love of heart,
Soul also comes and secretly prostrates
At my feet with joy.

But if there is a day when I make a mistake
By serving with immaturity,
Heart becomes the enemy of my soul.
And makes me deserve the separation.

I prayed in the early dawn
That soul would become dirt for Him
I heard a big *Amen* from soul for this prayer.

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How could that heart find a secret path
To reach that secret beauty?
How could that soul understand
That He is the Beloved who adds
Soul to my soul just by smelling?

He offered a glass. I said, "No," reluctantly.
He insisted, "Take it for me."

I tasted his pure, clean wine.
Then he also offered me old, sedimented wine
When I drank and matured.



101.

Verse 1149

It comes to my heart all the time.
I said I should sacrifice my heart.
It is necessary
That one should not bring bad things to heart.
It is necessary to follow this order.

If I reach comfort with heart,
My heart doesn't like that.
One should leave the heart
And become enemy of the soul.

What a square that is!
What heroes are those braves!
They all rejoiced at their deaths.
First one has to make his head like a ball,
Then enter this square.

What a beautiful secret is in the heart of the lover.
He has suffered from so many adventures.
How lucky is that secret.
How lucky is this head that it still feels dizzy.

If you are brave, playing with your life,
Thirsty with your blood,
Why do you hesitate?
Why do you run like an infidel?

If you are insane to be chained,
If you hold the end of the chain,
If you were born from the lion,
Why are you in the sack like a cat?

That friend who breaks hearts
Told me, "I am your guest tonight."
Prepare your heart
To be roasted for the guest.

There is roast and wine tonight.
Sleep is haram tonight.
It is only the infidel who sleeps tonight.
Night has come and landed like a tent this evening,
And there is the sultan inside of that tent.

The rehab¹⁸² player closes his eyes,
Bow in his hand.
Kemence¹⁸³ plays slowly, screams from his sleep.

There is a pulling in my soul.
I know who is pulling.
I want to rest for one moment,
But it is impossible.

There is a new game that appears every day.
There is a new insanity.
I am his toy. I admire his games.

Sometimes he turns me around like glass,
Sheds my blood like a big wine cup.
Sometimes he makes me froth, fermented like wine,
Then other times,
Throws me to the ground like a drunk.

Sometimes he serves me drinks constantly
Sometimes, makes me exuberant like a harp.
He covers me at night, wakes me up in the mornings.

If all these are from Shems of Tebriz,
What a nice caress they are.
If they are from the firmament,
What a nice time. What a nice period.



102.

Verse 1163

You are going away slowly,
Swaying from side to side.
You are the one who hides the light of soul and body.
What a beautiful light of the eye you are.
How nice is the brightness of your heart.
How beautifully you illuminate my eyes.

What a sea full of pearls!
What a sky full of stars!
What a beautiful valley full of narcissus,
A garden full of iris you are!

Bodies are more agile than you,
Souls more drunk than you,
O One
Who fills the skirt of this muddy earth with pearls.

Why am I talking?
I am comparing you with three dry creeks.
But what can I do?
What do I have? What do I know?

Tell this confused eye, say that,
“Since you have seen the favor of the beloved,
Why do you look at people?
Why turn around Ahriman?”¹⁴⁴

“You gave up lion’s hunting for pig’s hunting.
What kind of business is that?
What kind of fight? What kind of bravery?”

His help, his talks, his respect,
His light and his meetings
Are necklaces on my neck.

The sweet manners and charm of that gracious one
Took all the patience from heart.
What else did I see from this mansion
That I will stay and be happy here?

That greatness, that superiority is only in him,
Never in anybody else.
The rest of them, in front or back, man or woman,
Are all weak and poor.

I am burning like a flame,
A flame with love, like wood burns.
I am a stranger to everyone and everything,
Just like oil and water.

Whatever I have besides heart
Can be thrown on the fire.
I mentioned this like *beyond the heart*
Because you turn the heart into a rose garden
Every moment with your fame and glory.

You are the one who makes that black-slave night
Like a cupbearer to the people.
You are the one who gives that clamor,
That talent to morning.

After that, you pull those two lala's¹⁸⁵ like guards
So you can choose the one you desire,
Like separating wheat from hay at this harvest.

The ones who are found to have hearts
Are valuable wheat.
The ones who belong to body
Are like straw on the threshing floor.

The one who is fond of heart
Is like a green tree in the garden of faith
And keeps smiling.
What happens to the dry, lifeless tree?
It becomes wood for the stoke-hole of haman.¹⁸⁶

Your image walks towards heart
Like divine inspiration came to Moses at Eymen.¹⁸⁷
It resembles Jesus walking to his death.

Your image has traces that scatter pearls.
The mute talks because of that.
Mouth smiles because of that.

I have two more informers,
One is love, the other is drunkenness.
I cannot tell about these two.
Each one is more beautiful than the other.

O apple of my eyes! O my faith!
I see thousands of favors from you,
But what can I do?
The lover's heart is always suspicious,
Has bad thoughts.

During the day I am afraid of your eyes.
Your eyes cast spells.
I am scared of your hair at night,
Because nights are pregnant with trouble.

He asks me, "Why are you afraid?
Sorrows beat and crush you.
But salve becomes salve only after it is beaten
And crushed by the mortar.
Then it gives light to the eyes.

All fears come from existence.
Go, give up your being.
Worry and fright are the result
Of the thought of getting hurt and broken.
Go, be broken and hurt.
Then watch the land of safety and security.

I have stolen gold from the elements
And put it in the purse and tightened the purse.
I have turned into a thief
With the fear of returning gold to the hiding place.

Grain also hides in the flour like a thief,
But the police of justice pull it to the sieve
From every direction.

You are as ignorant as a piece of wood.
A fire came from love.
Jump out of the flame like lightning,
Ascend from the chimney like smoke.

Why do you draw your dagger?
Put your neck to the dagger.
If you stay big,
You cannot pass through the needle's eye.

Since the door to paradise
Is narrow like a needle's eye,
Be like silk thread, twist and twist.

That thread won't go through the needle
Unless it is twisted.
Yet, you keep spinning body's load,
Weaving gray-colored cloth.

Gray-colored cloth is not made of cotton
Unless this cotton is turned into silk thread
By the elixir of that cellar.

When you become silk thread,
The spin of His inspiration comes and tells you to,
"Come on now, start spinning good news
With your breath."

What is the meaning of Vahiy in Arabic?
To tell the ear.
Yet, your ear doesn't hear even the sound of a drum.
Try. Work. Be attentive.

You are hard-of-hearing and have poor eyesight.
Then you put cotton in your ear canal;
Just like *They covered their heads*,¹⁸⁸
You also put your shirt over your head.

Your ear doesn't hear. Your eye doesn't see.
At the top you are sluggish.
Someone comes and scares you saying,
"O bad-mannered one, don't be sure."

If you hear well, if your eyes are open,
The one who gives good news comes and says,
"O my lion, don't be grieved."¹⁸⁹

Turn into spring so that all the beauties
At the garden come to you and enjoy you.
Because those beauties run away from cold winter.

If you are not spring, be summer.
Submerge into fire, because without that love,
That beautiful man appears very ugly.

If you want every hair on your body to start talking
And become a poet, give up words.
Don't use poetry and prose.



This is the end
of the first half of

Bahr-i Hezec Sâlim

- 1 Arsh: The throne of God.
- 2 Kursi: Upper heaven supporting the throne of God.
- 3 Haram: Religiously non-permissible.
- 4 Sh, k, r: This reads like seker which means sugar in Turkish.
- 5 Zurna: A shrill pipe.
- 6 Hafiz: He who has learned the Koran by heart.
- 7 Ayet: Verses from the Koran.
- 8 Tadjik: Tadjikistan. A country in Central Asia.
- 9 Vamuk and Azra: Characters in a Persian love story.
- 10 Gul-i Rânâ: Yellowish rose with a reddish heart.
- 11 Mescid-i Aksa: The temple in Jerusalem built by Solomon.
- 12 Mescit: Small mosque.
- 13 Ridvan: The angel at the door of heaven.
- 14 Kafdag: Legendary mountain where the phoenix lives.
- 15 Sulfekaar: Ali's famous sword.
- 16 Berat: The night when the mission of the Prophet Mohammed came to him for the first time.
- 17 Hızır: Person who comes to help those in need.
- 18 Omer: The second caliph after Mohammed.
- 19 Bedeshan: Town known for its rubies.
- 20 Namaz: Islam worship.
- 21 They drink the wine...: Koran LXXVI-21: "The Lord shall make them drink a pure drink."
- 22 Musteri: Planet of Jupiter. Customer.
- 23 Seb-al Mesani: The repeated seven ayet of first sure of Koran.

- 24 God's takvin: Ahsen-i Takvim, "God created humans in the best shape among all creatures."
- 25 Levh-i Mahfuz: "Book where everything appears clearly inside." Koran XXXVI-12.
- 26 Beyt-i Mamur: The spiritual building in heaven above the Kaaba.
- 27 Akl-i Kul: Universal intelligence.
- 28 The rule *we gave*: Koran CVIII-1.
- 29 Even the most secret. KoranXX-2.
- 30 Zuran: A shrill pipe.
- 31 Lut's: Koran XXVI-172.
- 32 Attar: Sufi who died in 1229.
- 33 Senai: Sufi who died in 1130.
- 34 Firman: Legal order. A decree.
- 35 At the sixtieth, it was registered as immortal:
According to Golpınarlı, this verse may be significant in showing that Mevlana's meeting with Shems took place when he was in his sixties.
- 36 Vahiy: Divine inspiration.
- 37 "Am I not your God.?"Koran VII-172.
- 38 Reyhan: Sweet basil.
- 39 "... even shorter." Koran LIII-9.
- 40 Kadi: Muslim judge.
- 41 Burak: The name of the white horse the Prophet used to ascend to heaven.
- 42 Rind: Jolly, unconventional dervish.
- 43 Hamam: A public bathhouse in the Near and Middle East.
- 44 Carshaf: Dress with a veil, formerly worn by Muslim women.
- 45 Masallah: What wonders God hath willed.

- 46 Kafdag: Legendary mountain where the phoenix lives.
- 47 Hedjaz: Middle Eastern country.
- 48 Chamcha: A wooden vessel for water.
- 49 Tercî-Bend: Several groups of stanzas (see note 54 below) tied together as one long poem.
- 50 Tellal: The town crier.
- 51 Salat: Muslim ritual prayer.
- 52 Reyhan: Sweet basil.
- 53 Bend : Bond, tie.
- 54 Tercî: A group of verses called a stanza.
- 55 Helal: Religiously acceptable.
- 56 Akl-Kul: Universal intelligence.
- 57 Sagrak: Large container for wine.
- 58 Kimyou: Cumin.
- 59 Tekbir: Proclaiming God's greatness in Allahu-Ekbar.
- 60 Emir-Hac: Commander of the great caravan of pilgrims to Mecca.
- 61 Mani (died 274): He was skinned alive because of his beliefs in 274. He mixed Christianity with Zorathustronism. His, "Ertang" is decorated with miniatures.
- 62 Tuba: Legendary tree in paradise.
- 63 Fetva: Opinion on a matter of canon law given by Mufti.
- 64 Shira: The dog star Sirius.
- 65 Mufti: Muslim jurist.
- 66 Direfs-i Gâvyân: Caused the people to revolt against Dahbak, took his leader's work apron, put it on his anvil and used it as a flag. Every sultan afterwards put valuable

- jewels on that flag.
- 67 Salah: Goodness. It could also be a reference to Selaheddin.
- 68 Mescid-I Aksa: The most holy mosque in Jerusalem.
- 69 Firman: A legal order. A decree.
- 70 Rustem: Mythological Persian character.
- 71 Kiyamet: Judgment day.
- 72 Rind: A special kind of Sufi.
- 73 I turned my cheek...: Bible, Matthew 5, 30-40.
- 74 Sala: Call to prayer.
- 75 Calinos: Hypocrates, father of doctors.
- 76 Akl-i Kul: Universal intellect.
- 77 Akl-i cuzi: Particular intellect.
- 78 Ayn and Cim: Letters in the Arabic alphabet.
- 79 Asir: Portion of ten verses in the Koran.
- 80 Ayet: Verse from the Koran.
- 81 Kadir: The 27th of Ramadan when the Koran was revealed.
- 82 Kabir: The grave.
- 83 Ya-hu: An interjection. Names of God.
- 84 Vah-vah: Sound expressing pity and regret.
- 85 Joseph: Koran XII, 24-28.
- 86 Rahman: A name of God.
- 87 Glory after glory: Koran XXIV-35.
- 88 Elest: Koran VII-172.
- 89 Arsh: The throne of God.
- 90 Reyhan: Sweet basil.
- 91 Nesrin: The name of several varieties of roses.
- 92 Sema: Mevlevi ritual done with music and

- dance.
- 93 Cunejd or Beyazid: Famous Sufis. Cynejd died 909 or 911. Beyazid died 875.
- 94 Akdeniz: Mediterranean.
- 95 Arif: Attained.
- 96 Keyhusrev: Persian king (died 519) who took Babel in 554, freed the Jews and united Persia with Mesopotamiz. Persian name is Kurus-I Kebir.
- 97 Sencer: Persian king.
- 98 "God is really calling you." Koran II-221, X-25.
- 99 Kerrar: NEED FOOTNOTE.
- 100 Ca'fer Tayyer: Uncle of Muhammed whose arms were cut off in battle and God gave him wings to fly to heaven.
- 101 Beyazid-Bistami: Famous Sufis. Cynejd died 909 or 911. Beyazid died 875.
- 102 Sheyh Marj-i Kerhi. NEED FOOTNOTE.
- 103 Pir: Old man. Founder of an order of der-vishes.
- 104 Harut-Marut: The angels were hanged upside down at the well of Babil. Koran II-102.
- 105 We gave you: Koran CVIII-1.
- 106 "To God who is merciful and compassion-ate." Koran I-1.
- 107 ...stages like the Moon. Koran XXXVI-39.
- 108 Glass of Keykavus: A very large glass.
- 109 Kabil: Son of Adam who killed his brother. One who accepts.
- 110 Don't be in despair. Koran VII-87.
- 111 Shehadet: "There is no God but God."
- 112 When the earth shakes violently. Koran

XCIX-1.

- 113 Tebriz: Mevlana, according to this verse,
was once contemplating going to Tebriz to
search for Shems.
- 114 This gazel is in Arabic.
- 115 Abihayet: The fountain of life.
- 116 Eyub: Job.
- 117 Hızir: One who is sent to help others in
time of need.
- 118 Reyhan: Sweet basil.
- 119 Vinegar is a nice condiment: Khadis Cami
II- p.174.
- 120 Abu Cehil: The father of ignorance.
- 121 Abihayat: The river of life.
- 122 Abu-Ali Sima: Famous philosopher, doctor
Hemedan. Died 1032.
- 123 Bend: Bond, tie.
- 124 Illet-l ula: The cure of all ills.
- 125 Tuba: Legendary tree in heaven.
- 126 Mani: He combined Christianity with
Zorathustran. He was murdered in 274.
His book, Ertang, was decorated with
miniatures.
- 127 *Be* and *Te*: Letters of the Arabic alphabet.
- 128 Kaarum: Legendary rich man, who was
buried with his fortune.
- 129 Gave: A Persian myth about Dallak. Gave
is a blacksmith who revolted against
Dallak, raising his apron like a flag.
- 130 Kalender: A certain Sufi sect.
- 131 Shin-sin: Letters of Arabic alphabet.
- 132 This gazel was written in Arabic.
- 133 Kevser: Name of river in paradise.

- 134 Sure: A verse in the Koran.
135 ...of distract you: Koran CII.
136 Its tail stays short: An old saying about liars.
137 Burak: The white horse on which the Prophet
ascended to heaven.
138 We made you well: This verse and the next
one are in Arabic.
139 ...will be exalted: This verse is written in
Greek.
140 Your goodness will be enough: This verse is
written in Turkish.
141 The son of Imran, Moses: Koran XX-11.
142 I'll make a dragon: Koran XX-18,20.
143 I will fly to the heights immediately: Koran
III-49.
144 Heyula: Total body which has the potential of
all forms.
145 Like Moses: Koran XX-27.
146 Ab-i hayat: The water of life.
147 Prophets family: The persistence of the
prophet; not kinship.
148 Kafdag: Legendary mountain, where the
phoenix lives.
149 Zamzam: Famous well at the court of Kaaba
in Mecca.
150 No and *why*: This verse is not in the Konya
version of the Divan.
151 Bacu: Commander of the Mongol army that
came to Asia Minor in Mevlana's time.
152 Batu: Son of Cuci, from Cengiz family.
153 Calinos: Hypocrates, father of doctors.
154 Cibre: The residue of pressed grapes.
155 Meze: Appetizers.

- 156 Hulagu: Mongol ruler 1217-1265.
- 157 Abu-Ali: Died 1037.
- 158 Abu-l Hasan-i Harkaani: Died 1033.
- 159 Suheyl: Canopus.
- 160 Cigil: City at Turkestan (Central Asia)
famous for beautiful women.
- 161 Suet: Apparently at the time of Mevlana,
they used to drain abscesses.
- 162 You are a generous David: Koran XXXIV-10.
- 163 He saved Benjamin: Koran XII-76.
- 164 Ses-ping: Five-six.
- 165 A mat to sorrow: Checkmate.
- 166 He and shin: Letters of Arabic alphabet.
- 167 Bu-Timor: A bird that lives around water but
doesn't drink water, even if it is thirsty,
because it is afraid the water will run out.
- 168 Calinos: Hypocrates, the father of medi-
cine.
- 169 Yezid: Son of Muawiya. Instigated the
murder of the caliph Ali's two sons. His
name is cursed by Muslims.
- 170 Beyazid-i Bistami: Died 843, great Sufi.
- 171 Pir: Old man. Founder of an order of der-
vishes.
- 172 Murid: Disciple.
- 173 Majun: Medicated preparation of sugar like
soft taffy.
- 174 Bulamac: Thick soup made of flour, butter
and sugar.
- 175 Abu-l Hasan: A random name.
- 176 Mihrab: Niche in the mosque indicating the
position of Mecca.
- 177 Haram: Not permissible.

- 178 Pervin: Pleaidas.
179 The one breaks dawn: Koran CXIII-1.
180 Don't fall in despair: Koran XII-87.
181 Divine inspiration is hidden: Koran LIII-10.
182 Rebab: A three-stringed instrument.
183 Kemence: A small stringed instrument.
184 Ahriman: The head of evil in Zarathustran.
185 Lala: Servant placed in charge of a boy.
Tutor.
186 Haman: Public bath.
187 Eymen: Geographical name.
188 They covered their heads: Koran LXXI-7.
189 O my lion, don't be grieved: Koran IX-40.



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If you feel the pleasure of burning,
You can't get enough of the fire.
Even the fountain of life
Cannot separate you from the fire.

Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi

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